

MR. JORROCKS' LECTORS
ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR BY
G. DENHOLM ARMOUR

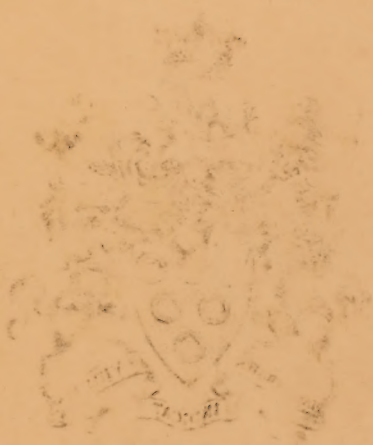




Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

For Mr. Scruggle
with fondest love from
his little "Angel"

Christmas 1910



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Mr. Jorrocks ascended the platform.

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MR. JORROCKS' LECTORS

FROM *HANDLEY CROSS* BY R. S. SURTEES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

G. DENHOLM ARMOUR

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

PUBLISHERS LONDON

Printed in 1910

INTRODUCTION

THE cordial reception afforded to *Hunts with Jorrocks*, published two years ago, has suggested to both Illustrator and Publishers that a pictorial edition of the *Lectors* delivered by John Jorrocks, M.F.H., in *Handley Cross* would be welcomed, the more so that in the old edition, beloved of all sportsmen, this part is practically unillustrated.

The saying 'there is many a true word spoken in jest' may well be applied to the *Lectors*, as what between copious quotations from Peter Beckford and other authorities, and the words of wisdom often disguised as humour supposed to proceed from Mr. Jorrocks himself, it may almost be regarded as a text-book for the hunting field.

Though the *Lectors* are supposed to deal with

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a time long past, no attempt—except in a few instances where the period is fixed by the text—has been made in the illustrations to be old fashioned.

Practically every word that was applicable to the days of Jorrocks is equally true to-day, and like all great work the *Lectors* are for all time.

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I
A SPORTING LECTOR

I

A SPORTING LECTOR

PRECISELY at eight o'clock Mr. Jorrocks ascended the platform, attended by Captain Doleful, Roger Swizzle, Romeo Simpkins, and Abel Snorem, and was received with the most enthusiastic cheering. He wore the full-dress uniform of the hunt; sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shorts, and white silk stockings. His neckcloth and waistcoat were white, and a finely plaited shirt-frill protruded through the stand-up collar of the latter. Bunches of white ribbon dangled at his knees. In his hand he held a roll of notes, while some books of reference and a tumbler of brandy and water were placed by Benjamin on a table at the back of the platform. Benjamin had

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on his new red frock with blue collar, cord breeches, and white stockings.

After bowing most familiarly to the company, Mr. Jorrocks cleared his voice with a substantial *hem*, and then addressed the meeting.

‘Beloved ’earers!—*beloved* I may call you, for though I have not the pleasure of knowin’ many of you, I hope werry soon to make your intimate acquaintance. Beloved ’earers, I say, I have come ’ere this evenin’ for the double purpose of seein’ you, and instructin’ of you on those matters that have brought me to this your beautiful and salubrisome town. (Cheers.) Beautiful I may call it, for its architectural proportions are grand, and salubrisome it must be when it boasts so many cheerful, wigorous countenances as I now see gathered around me. (Loud applause.) And if by my comin’, I shall spread the great light of sportin’ knowledge, and enable you to perserve those glowin’ mugs when far removed from these waters, then shall I be a better doctor than either Swizzle or Sebastian, and the day that

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drew John Jorrocks from the sugars of retirement in Great Coram Street will henceforth remain red-lettered in the mental calendar of his existence. (Loud cheers.) *Red*-lettered did I say? Ah! wot a joyous colour to denote a great and glorious ewent! Believe me there is no colour like red—no sport like 'unting.

'Blue coats and canaries,' observed Mr. Jorrocks looking down at his legs, 'are well enough for dancin' in, but the man wot does much dancin' will not do much 'unting. But to business—Lectorin' is all the go—and why should sportin' be excluded? Is it because sportin' is its own champion? Away with the idea! Are there no pints on which grey experience can show the beacon lights to 'ot youth and indiscretion? Assuredly there are! Full then of hardour—full of keenness, one pure concentrated essence of 'unting, John Jorrocks comes to enlighten all men capable of instruction on pints that all wish to be considered conversant with.

'Well did that great man, I think it was

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Walter Scott, but if it warn't, 'twas little Bartley, the boot-maker, say, that there was no young man wot would not rather have a himputation on his morality than on his 'ossmanship, and yet, how few there are wot really know anything about the matter! Oh, but if hignorance be bliss 'ow 'appy must they be! (Loud cheers and laughter.)

"Unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger! In that word, "'unting," wot a ramification of knowledge is compressed! The choice of an 'oss—the treatment of him when got—the groomin' at home, the ridin' abroad—the boots, the breeches, the saddle, the bridle, the 'ound, the 'untsman, the feeder, the Fox! Oh, how that beautiful word, Fox, gladdens my 'eart, and warms the declinin' embers of my age. (Cheers.) The 'oss and the 'ound were made for each other, and natur threw in the Fox as a connectin' link between the two. (Loud cheers.) He's perfect symmetry, and my affection for him is a perfect paradox. In the summer I loves him

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with all the hardour of affection; not an 'air of his beautiful 'ead would I hurt; the sight of him is more glorious nor the Lord Mayor's show! but when the hautumn comes—when the brownin' copse and cracklin' stubble proclaim the farmer's fears are past, then, dash my vig, 'ow I glories in pursuin' of him to destruction, and holdin' him above the bayin' pack! (Loud cheers.)

'And yet,' added Mr. Jorrocks thoughtfully, 'it arn't that I loves the fox less, but that I loves the 'ound more, as the chap says in the play, when he sticks his friend in the gizzard. (Roars of laughter and applause.)

'The 'oss loves the 'ound, and I loves both; and it is that love wot brings me to these parts, to follow the all-glorious callin' of the chase, and to enlighten all men capable of illumination. To-night I shall instruct you with a lecture on dealin'.

"O who shall counsel a man in the choice of a wife or an 'oss?" asks that inspired writer, the renowned Johnny Lawrence. "The buyer has

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need of a hundred eyes, the seller of but one," says another equestrian conjurer. Who can take up an 'oss book and read 'bout splints, and spavins, and stringalts, and corns, and cuttin', and farcy, and dropsy, and fever, and thrushes, and grease, and gripes, and mallenders, and sallenders, and ring-bones, and roarin', etcetera, etceterorem, without a shudder lest such a complication of evils should fall to his lot? Who can expect a perfect 'oss, when he sees what an infinity of hills they are heirs to? I hopes I haven't come to 'Andley Cross to inform none on you what an 'oss is, nor to explain that its component parts are four legs, a back-bone, an 'ead, a neck, a tail, and other etceteras, too numerous to insert in an 'and-bill, as old Georgy Robins used to say.

'Eavens, wot a lot of rubbish has been written about 'osses!' continued the worthy lecturer, casting up his eyes.

'I took a fut rule t'other night and measured off a whole yard and an 'arf of real down-right

'Holdin' him above the bayin' pack!'

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'ard printin' on the single word 'oss; each succeedin' writer snubbin' the last, swearin' he know'd nothin', until one would expect to arrive at the grand climax of hignorance, instead of gleanin' wisdom as one went. There was Bartlet, and Bracken, and Gibson, and Griffiths, and Taplin, and Stewart, and Youatt, and 'Ands, and Lawrence, and Wite, and Percival, and Hosmer, and Peters, and Anonymous by 'Ookem, and Wilkinson on Lock-jaw, and Colman, and Sewell, and Happerley, and Caveat Emptier, all snubbin' each other like so many snobs.

'Away with them all, say I!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, throwing out his hands, to the imminent danger of his supporters right and left. *'Away with them all! Away with all such rubbish, say I! John Jorrocks is the only real enlightened sapient sportsman; and 'ere, 'ere from this lofty heminence I hurls defiance at the whole tribe of word-manglin', grammar-stranglin', cotation-crammin' cocks! bids them to a grand tilt or tournament of jaw, where hevery man may do his best,*

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and I'll make mince-meat of them all—cater-mauchously chaw them up, as the Americans say. (Loud cheers.)

‘But, gently, old bouy,’ continued he to himself, ‘you musn’t be too ’ard on the fools, or you’ll kill ’em out-right; curb your wehemence a little; come, I’ll give you a drop of brandy and water’; saying which Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the platform, and took such a swig at the tumbler as left nothing, as he observed, to ‘carry over.’

Presently he returned, smacking his lips, and resumed in a more composed tone as follows:— ‘Talkin’ about writers,’ said he, ‘the best informed man to my mind wot ever wrote on equestrian matters, was Mr. Gambado, who held the distinguished post of ridin’-master to the Doge of Venice. Hosmer may be more learned, and Happerley more latiney, but for real down-right shrewd hobserwation, the Doge’s man flogs all t’others, as the Kentucky boy said. Most writers go out of their way to bring in summut wot does not belong to the subject, but Gambado sticks to

'Mr. Gambado.'

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his text like a leech. Hosmer, for instance, tells us that a hostrich can outstrip an 'oss, but what matter does that make, seein' that no one would like to go cuttin' across country on a hostrich that could get an 'oss. Another tells us how many 'osses Xerxes had in his army after he passed the Hellespont, but it would have been far more to the purpose to have told us how many Mason or Bartley bought at the last 'Orncastle fair.

'Still I don't mean to say that Gambado was all over right, for there are points upon which the Doge's man and I differ, though fashion, in course, has altered things since his time. He writes upon 'osses in general, and says little about those for carryin' a scarlet, without bringin' it to shame, which is wot we most want information upon. Some of his positions too are bad. For instance, talkin' of eyes, he says, some people make a great bother about an 'oss's eyes, jest as if they have anything to do with his haction, and Geoffrey says, that if a man chooses to ride without a bridle it may be matter of moment to him to have an 'oss

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with an eye or two, but that if he has a bridle, and also a pair of eyes of his own, it is *perfectlie* immaterial whether the 'oss sees or not. Now, from this, I think we may infer that the Doge either did not keep 'ounds, or that the country he 'unted was flat and unenclosed, otherwise Gambado would certainlie have felt the inconvenience of ridin' a blind 'un. Indeed, I almost think, from his declining the Rev. Mr. Nutmeg's offer of a mount, on his brown 'oss, that Mr. Gambado either was not a sportsman, or had arrived at a time of life when the exertion of 'unting was too great for him.

'The case was this,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, taking up the work, 'and the advice is as good now as it was then. Nutmeg says, in his letter to the ex-ridin' master, who appears to have been actin' as a sort of chamber counsel on 'oss cases :— "You must know, sir, I am werry fond of 'unting, and live in as fine a scentin' country as any in the kingdom. The soil is pretty stiff, the leaps large and frequent, and a great deal of timber to get

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over. Now, sir, my brown 'oss is a werry capital 'unter; and though he is slow, and I cannot absolutely ride over the 'ounds (indeed the country is so enclosed that I do not see so much of them as I could wish), yet, in the end, he generally brings me in before the 'untsman goes home with the dogs."

'And here let me observe,' said Mr. Jorrocks, breaking off, 'that that is neither good sportin' nor good language, and Nutmeg, I should think, had been one of your Macadamizin' happetite 'unting parsons, or he would neither have talked of ridin' over the 'ounds, or yet being content to draggle up after the worry, and just as the *dogs*, as he calls them, were going home. But let that pass.' Mr. Jorrocks then resumed his reading:—

"Now, sir, my brown 'oss is a noble leaper, and never gave me a fall in his life in that way; but he has got a hawkward trick (though he clears everything with his fore-legs in capital style) of leaving the other two on the wrong side of the fence; and if the gate or stile happens to be in a

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sound state, it is a work of time and trouble to get his hind-legs over. He clears a ditch finely indeed, with two feet, but the others constantly fall in ; that it gives me a strange pain in my back, very like what is called a lumbago ; and unless you kindly stand my friend and instruct me how I am to bring these hind-legs after me, I fear I shall never get rid of it. If you please, sir, you may ride him a 'unting yourself any day you will please to appoint, and you shall be 'eartily welcome."

'To this letter Gambado replied as follows :—

" " REVEREND SIR,

" " Your brown 'oss being so good an 'unter, and as you observe, having so fine a notion of leapin', I should be 'appy if I could be of any service in assistin' you to make his two hind-legs follow the others ; but, as you observe, they seem so werry perwerse and obstinate, that I cherish but small 'opes of prewailin' upon them—I have looked and found many such cases, but no cure—However, in examinin' my papers I have found out somethin' that may prove of service to you, in your werry lamentable case—An oat-stealer or ostler has informed me, that it is a common trick played upon bagsters or London riders, when they are not generous to the servants in the inn, for a wicked boy or two to watch one of them as he turns out

'Barnet Fair.'

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of the gateway, and to pop a bush or stick under his 'oss's tail, which he instantly brings down upon the stick and 'olds it fast, kickin' at the same time at such a rate as to dislodge the bagman that bestrides him—Suppose then, when your 'oss has flown over a gate or stile in his old way, with his fore-legs only, you were to dismount, and clap your vip or stick properly under his tail, and then mount again; the puttin' him in a little motion will set him on his kickin' principles in a hurry, and it's ten to one but by this means you get his hind-legs to follow the others—You will be able, perhaps, to extricate your stick from its place of confinement when you are up and over (if you arn't down) but should you not, it is but sixpence gone. I send you this as a mere surmise; perhaps it may answer; perhaps not.

“ I thank you for your offer, which is a werry kind one, but I beg to be excused accepting it; all my hambition being to add to the theory with as little practice as possible.”

“ Add to the theory with as little practice as possible,” repeated Mr. Jorrocks,—“ that's wot a great many writers are anxious to do at the present day. But to proceed. Another circumstance wot leads me to suppose that Jeffery was not an 'unter is this. In some obseruations in his Preface on a portrait of Mr. Gambado that adorns

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the frontispiece, the editor says that it was done by a friend from memory, and tinctured with the prejudice of friendship. "Jeffery," he says, "was not so slim, nor was his eyes so poignant; nor was he ever known to be possessed of a pair of top-boots himself, though he often mentions boots in his writings."

'That I think,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, 'is conclusive. But then what does it prove? Why, that if Gambado, the best of all sportin' writers, knew nothin' of 'unting, it is the more incumbent on John Jorrocks to supply the deficiency.

'But whether Gambado, if I may be allowed to speak of him with such familiarity, was a fox-hunter or not, it is quite clear that he possessed a knowledge of 'osses far superior to any man of the present day. "The Academy for Grown 'Ossmen," is a perfect text-book in its way, and when a man has read Gambado's instructions how to choose an 'oss, how to tackle him properly, in what sort of dress to ride him, how to mount and manage him, how to ride him out, and above all how to ride him

*'His old nag, with his 'ead i' the hair,
kickin' and millin' the splash-board.'*

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'ome again, dull must be the dog wot has occasion to go to a riding-school.

'There is a wast of fancy about dealin'—far more than relates to the mere colour; indeed some say that colour is immaterial, and there is an old saw about a good 'oss never being of a bad colour, but the first question a green 'orn asks is the colour of the prad. Old Steropes says, if you have no predilection that way, choose a mouse-coloured dun, for it has the peculiar advantage of lookin' equally well all the year round. A black list down the back makes it still more desirable, as the bystanders will suppose you are ridin' with a crupper, a practice no finished 'ossman ought to neglect. This latter point, however, is confuted by Gambado, who says, "be werry shy of a crupper if your 'oss naturally throws his saddle forward. It will certainlie make his tail sore, set him a-kickin', and werry likely bring you into trouble."

'How perplexin' must all this be to a beginner,' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, throwing up his hands.

'The height of an 'oss, Gambado says, is

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perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothin' is more pleasin' to a traveller than the sensation of continually gettin' forward ; whereas the ridin' of an 'oss of a contrary make is like swarmin' the bannisters of a staircase, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were goin' backwards.

'Gambado says nothin' about the size of an 'oss's head, but he says he should carry it low, that he may have an eye to the ground and see the better where he steps. Some say the 'ead should be as large as possible, inasmuch as the weight tends to prewent the 'oss from rearin', which is a wice dangerous in the highest degree ; my idea is, that the size of the 'ead is immaterial, for the 'oss doesn't go on it, at least he didn't ought to do I know.

'The ears cannot well be too long, Gambado says, for a judicious rider steers his course by fixin' his eyes between them. This, however, is a disputed point, and old Dickey Lawrence recommends that they should be large and loppin' in a

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horizontal direction, by which position no rain can possibly enter, and the 'oss will have no occasion to shake his 'ead, a habit which he says not only disturbs the brain, but frequently brings on the mad staggers.

‘Here again the doctors differ!

‘It seems agreed on all hands that the less a 'oss lifts his fore-legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. Gambado thinks if he turns his toes well out, he will disperse them right and left, and not have the trouble of kickin' the same stone a second time, but I don't see much advantage in this, and think he might as well be kickin' the same stone as a fresh one.

‘There can be no doubt that a Roman nose like Arterxerxes's adds greatly to the gravity of an 'oss's countenance. It has a fine substantial yeoman-like appearance, and well becomes the father of a family, a church dignitary, or a man in easy circumstances.—A Roman nose and a shovel

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hat are quite unique.—Some think a small eye a recommendation, as they are less exposed to injuries than large ones, but that is matter of fancy. The nostrils, Lawrence says, should be small, and the lips thick and leathery, which latter property aids the sensibility of the mouth werry considerably.—Some prefer an arched neck to a ewe, but the latter has a fine consequential hair, and ought not to be slighted.

‘It may be prejudice, but I confess I likes an ’oss’s back wot inclines to a hog bend.—Your slack backs are all very well for carryin’ miller’s sacks, but rely upon it there’s nothin’ like the outward bow for makin’ them date their leaps properly. Many men in the Surrey remember my famous ’oss Star-gazer. He was made in that form, and in his leaps threw an arch like the dome of St. Paul’s. A long back is a grand thing for a family ’oss.—I’ve seen my cousin Joe clap six of his brats and his light porter on the back of the old Crockerdile, and the old nag would have carried another if his

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tail had been tied up.—In the 'unting field, however, one seldom sees more than one man on an 'oss, at a time. *Two* don't look sportin', and the world's governed by appearances.

'Some people object to high blowers, that is, 'osses wot make a noise like steam-engines as they go. I don't see no great objection to them myself, and think the use they are of in clearin' the way in crowded thoroughfares, and the protection they afford in dark nights by prewentin' people ridin' against you, more than counterbalance any disconvenience.—Gambado says, a bald face, wall eyes, and white legs, answer the same purpose, but if you can get all four, it will be so much the better.

'There is an author who says the hip-bones should project well beyond the ribs, which form will be found werry convenient in 'ot weather, as the rider may hang his hat on them occasionally, whilst he wipes the perspiration from his brow, addin' that that form gives the hanimal greater facility in passin' through stable-doors, but I am inclined to think, that the advice is a little of

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what the French call *pleasantre*, and we call gammon; at all events, I don't follow it.

'Broken knees is nothin'.—Where, let me ax, is the man with the 'oss that he will swear will never tumble down? Geoffrey indeed says, "Be sure to buy a broken-kneed 'oss whenever he falls in your way; the best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day or another; whereas, one that has fallen (and scarified himself pretty tightly) never will again, if he can help it."

'At an American 'oss sale, I read of t'other day, a buyer exclaims—

"Vy, he's broken kneed!"

"Not at all, you mister," cried the hauctioneer pertly. "The gen'leman wot sells this 'oss *always* marks his stud on the knee, that he may know 'em again"—*haw! haw! haw!*' chuckled Mr. Jorrocks. "'Lofty hauctioned 'oss!—struck his knee again his tooth!" I once heard a dealer declare on behalf of a broken-kneed 'un in the City.

'There is an old sayin' in Spain, that a man

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A SPORTING LECTOR

wot would buy a mule without a fault must not buy one at all, and faultless 'osses are equally rare. Gil Blas's mule, if I recollects right, was "all faults," and there are many 'osses not much better. To be sure it makes a marvellous difference whether you are representin' the 'oss's qualities to an expectant purchaser, or are treatin' yourself to a bit of unwarnished truth, as we all must do occasionally. It is an unpleasant reflection, and says little for the morality of the age, or the merits of the Reform Bill, that, out of London, one can hardly get rid of an 'oss without more or less doing violence to one's feelin's of integrity. "The purchaser has need of a hundred eyes, the seller of but one," says the authority I quoted before ; but dash my vig, they require the seller to make up in tongue what he economises in wision.

'Warrantin' an 'oss is highly inconwenient, 'specially when you've reason to know he's a *screw*, and it requires a good deal of management to ewade the question so as not to diminish the

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price. I generally tries to laugh it off, sayin', "Vy really warrantin' is quite out of fashion, and never thought of at Tat.'s"; or if the buyer is a young un, and apparently werdant, I says, "Why, faith, *I* should say he's all right, but you can see the 'oss yourself, and can judge better nor I."

'Men that have much business of this sort ought to keep a slippery-tongued grum to whom they can refer a purchaser in a hoff 'and sort of way, as though it were beneath their dignity to know nothin' of the kind, and wished the grum to give every possible information, which the warmint knows a great deal better nor do.

'A respectable-looking grum wot can lie like truth is truly invaluable to gentlemen of this description. If a man is rich, he may cheat you with impunity; it is only poor men wot suffer in consequence. Honesty is of no use to licensed 'oss dealers. Every man supposes they are rogues, and treat them accordingly. Who does not remember old bottle-nosed Richards? When any one axed his number, he said, "Oh, you ax any

*'Some 'osses don't like strangers, and
nothin' looks so foolish as a man floored.'*

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shopkeeper in Hoxford Street where the biggest rogue lives, and he'll be sure to send you to me!"

'But to the warranty; as I said before, it's werry inconwenient warrantin', and if a customer sticks to his point, it is not a bad dodge to try and puzzle him by makin' him explain wot *he* means by a sound 'oss, and if he gets any way near the point, ax him if he can lay his 'and on his 'art, and say that he is not only sound but free from all impendin' disease. I once frightened a chap uncommon when we got this far, by exclaimin', "I'm dashed if there ain't a hectic flush on your mug at this moment that looks werry like consumption." He closed the bargain immediately, and under pretence of writin' a cheque, went into the 'ouse and had a good look at himself in the glass. Tat. is werry clever at this work, and when a Jonny-raw axes him if he warrants an 'oss sound, he exclaims with a hair of astonishment, "*Warrant him sound!* Why, sir, I wouldn't *warrant* that he's a 'oss, let alone that he's sound"—haw, haw, haw.—My friend Dickey Grunt, who lisps werry much, did

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a clever thing in this line t'other day. He sold an uncommon green 'orn a broken-winded 'oss, *lith*ping out when ax'd if he warranted him sound, "Oh in courthe like all men I w-a-a-n-t him thound"; whereupon the youth paid the money and dispersed for a ride. Presently he comes back with a werry long wisage, and said, "Vy, sir, this 'ere 'oss is broken-winded."

"I knows it," replies Dick, with the greatest effrontery.

"Then, sir, you must take him back and return me my swag, for you warranted him sound."

"No thuch thing, my good fellow," replied Dick, "you mithtook me altogether; I thaid I *wanted* him thound! not that I warranted him thound." (Loud laughter.)

'Old Joe Smith in Chiswell Street had a wicious nag wot would neither ride, nor drive, nor 'unt, nor do anything that a nag ought. Well, Joe took him to Barnet fair, where he fell in with a swaggerin' chap in tight nankeens and hessians, who axed him in a hoff 'and sort of way, if he

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known of anything that would knock his buggy about, to which Joe conscientiously replied he did, and sold him his 'oss. Having got the tin, Joe left the town, for Barnet is only a dull place of recreation, when what should come past him like a flash of lightenin', but his old nag, with his 'ead i' the hair, kickin' and millin' the splash-board of a tidy yellow buggy, with a cane back, and red wheels picked out with green. Presently, up came the owner on a grey poster, with the traces all danglin' at his 'eels, and jist as he neared Joe, the old nag charged the rails of the new mound, snappin' the jimmy shafts like carrots, and leavin' the rest of the buggy scattered all over the road.

“Hooi, you rogue! you willain! you wagga-bone!” roared the buyer, gaspin' with rage and fatigue, “I'll teach you to sell sich nags to family men of fortin! You've all but been the death of Mrs. and Miss Juggins and myself.—Where do you live, you complicated abomination of a scoundrel?”

‘Now Joe, who is a hoiley little chap, cunnin' as the devil, and not easily put out of his way,

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'special ven it's his interest not to be so, let Jug run on till he was fairly blown, when he werry coolly observed, jinglin' the odd pewter in his breeches pocket, "My dear sir, you are labourin' under a werry considerable mistake. If you call to mind what you axed me, it was, if I knowed an 'oss to *knock* your buggy about, and egad! if he hasn't done it to the letter (pointing to the remnants on the road), I don't know what knockin' about is."

'Haw, haw, haw!' laughed Mr. Jorrocks, a chuckle in which the majority of the company joined.

'Another chap that I know had an 'oss that was a capital 'unter, and good at everything but 'arness, which his soul disdained. Well, it didn't suit the owner's convenience to keep anything but what the lawyers call *qui tam* 'osses, that is to say, 'osses wot will ride as well as drive; so he looked out for a customer, and presently found a softish sort of chap in green spectacles, and a shiny wite 'at, who having tried him to ride, axed if he was

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quiet in 'arness. To this the owner had no hesitation in sayin' yes, for he had seen the nag standin' in 'arness without movin' a muscle, but when the buyer wanted to tack a carriage *to the 'arness*—Oh, my eyes! that was quite a different story; and my lord rebelled, and kicked the *woiture* to bits. The buyer tried to return him, but the owner convinced him he was wrong, at least he convinced him he would not take him back, which was pretty nearly the same thing.

'Daddy Higgins in Rupert Street had just such an 'oss as Joe Smith's—one of the reg'lar good-for-nothin's—and sold him to a quaker to draw his cruelty wan, assurin' him, when axed if he was quiet in harness, that it would delight Hobadiah's eyes to see him draw. Well, the quaker tried to tackle him, but the 'oss soon sent his 'eels through the splashboard, and when Hobadiah remonstrated, all the Daddy did was to laugh, and assure him it would delight *his* eyes to see him draw, for the 'oss would never bear a pair of shafts in his life.

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‘But enough of sellin’—It’s time I was sayin’ somethin’ about buyin’.—No easy matter either.

‘Speakin’ of his time, Gambado said it was immaterial whether a purchaser went to Tattersall’s, or Haldridge’s or Meynell’s ’unt, or to his Majesty’s, for it was probable he would be taken in wherever he went, and things are pretty much in the same state now.

‘The less a man knows about an ’oss, the more he expects, and the greater the probability of his thinkin’ himself *done*. Oh, my beloved ’earers, ’appy is the day, when brimful of hignorance, the tyro enters on his first ’oss dealin’ speckilation—Great may be his greenness, but age and experience will cure all that, and who would not barter grey-’eaded gumption for the joyousness of youthful confidence and indiscretion? For that pure werdancy, wot sends ingenuous youth up back-slums in search of ’osses advertisin’ for kind masters rather than high prices, the property of noblemen deceased, or hofficers goin’ abroad? (Applause.)

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‘When I was a *bouy*, clods came to London expectin’ to find it paved with gold, and many wot read the newspaper advertisements must think it’s the real place for humanity and ’oss flesh—sich shape—sich symmetry—sich action—sich temper, the most timid may ride, and sich bargins! Who would trudge, when for twenty pounds he can have a cob fit to carry a castle, or a canterin’ thorough-bred, that a child may ride. The werry trials they hoffer would keep a man goin’, *provided* he could but *get them*.

‘No man fit to be at large will ever trouble a puff advertisement. If he does, he will find himself saddled with an ’oss that isn’t worth his saddle, or may be, taken to a police-office for stealin’ of him. Next, let him avoid choppin’ and changin’. We know what we have, but we don’t know what we may get, is a werry treasurable truism.

‘Whatever may be the risks of out-and-out dealin’, there is no doubt but exchanging is by far the most certain loss; and it is one of those provokin’ uncertain certainties, for a man is never

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certain wot he loses. "If he don't suit, I'll take him back," says a dealer; no doubt he will, but will he return you the tin? No such thing! He'll give you somethin' worse, and make you give him somethin' for doin' so, and the oftener you change, the worse you'll be mounted.

'There's an old sayin' that it's easier to perceive the wrong than pursue the right; and I reckon it's a vast easier to tell a man wot he should not buy than wot he should. Walk along Piccadilly any summer afternoon, and see the seedy screws shaking on the cabstands; there is age, wice, and infirmity, unaided by blisters or bran mashies. Flesh covers a multitude of sins, but cabby stands forth in the familiar anatomy of high bones, and yet there be good shapes and good pints to admire, but no one would think of buyin' a cab 'oss! Still there is much good avoidance to be learned by lookin' them over.

"Who wants to buy an 'oss, wot can walk five, and trot twenty miles an hour?" exclaimed a wag among the crowd before the bettin' room at

‘TAKIN’ THE FIELD! *glorious sound.*’

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Doncaster. "I do!" "I do!" "I do!" replied a dozen voices. "Then if I hears of sich a one, I'll let *you* know," replied the gentleman; and werry similar is my sitivation with regard to advisin' you where to purchase. One thing is quite certain, that you can't buy experience with another man's money, but then, havin' to pay for it, he will do best wot gets it for least.

'The first step towards a purchase is to make up your mind what sort of an 'oss you want; 'unter, 'ackney, charger, coach, or "qui tamer." This is a most important point, especial where you go to a dealer's, where they never have less than thirty or forty, and as many more comin' from 'Orncastle or 'Owden, or at their farms in the country. For want of this previous arrangement, I once saw a rum scene between Septimus Green, old Verd Antique's ninth son, and Tommy Doem, wot kept the Pelican Livery and Bait Stables in Cripplegate. Old Tommy was on the eve of his perihodical bankruptcy, and jest afore shuttin' up Septimus arrived flourishin' his cambric, with his

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white jeans strapped under his chammy leather opera boots, and a tartan Joinville across his neck. Old Tom eyed him as he swaggered down the ride, and having exchanged nods, Septimus began axin' Tommy if he had anything in his line, jest as though he bought an 'oss every other day. Tommy paused and considered, runnin' his mind's eye, as it were, through the seven stalls, and the ten stalls, and the fifteen stalls, and all the loose boxes, and then as usual he called for Joe. Joe was the pictur of a dealer's man; red nose, blear eyes, long body, short legs—and master and man were one. After a little side talk, in the course of which Tommy heard with regret that the brown was at Greenwich, and the roan at Dulwich, and the white at Blackheath, and half a dozen others of Green's cut away on trial, Tommy exclaimed with a hair of sudden enlightenment, "But, Joe, there's the cow! jest slip on the 'alter, and bring her hup the ride."

"“Cow!” exclaimed Septimus, “I wants an 'oss!”

*'Vich vay? vich vay? vich vay are th'
'ounds gone?'*

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“Well, but *see her out* at all ewents,” replied Tommy in the sweetest manner possible, “lookin’ costs nothin’,” added he.

“But I doesn’t vont a cow!” roared Septimus, burstin’ with rage.

‘Jest then the street gates closed, and hup came Joe, runnin’ the cow as he would an ’oss, old Tommy praising her haction, and the way she lifted her leg, swearin’ she never would come down, takin’ no notice of Green stormin’ and swearin’ he didn’t want a cow, he wouldn’t take a cow in a gift; and I really believe if I hadn’t been there, old Tommy would have talked him into it—for he certain*lie* had the most buttery tongue that ever was hung—and the gates were locked into the bargain.

‘But let us narrow the field of ’oss speckilation, and view our buyer on the road to a dealer’s in search of an ’unter. No man should go there in black silk stockings; dress trousers are also out of character. And here I may observe that there be two sorts of fox-’unters—the quiet

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fox'-unter wot goes out werry swell, but comes home and resumes the appearance of a gemmam, and the Tom-and-Jerry fox'-unter what goes out now and then, to smoke cigars, pick up a steeple-chaser, wear groomish clothes, and be able to talk of the 'ounds. The latter are not the men for the dealer's money. They turn the stables over from end to end, worm out the secrets, and keep a register of the fluctuations in price of each 'oss. Some act as middle-men between the buyer and seller, gettin' wot they can out of each for their trouble. "I can buy him cheaper than you," they say, and so they benefit the buyer by pocketin' the difference. These are the bouys to bother a dealer's vig! A vink from them stops many a bargain, while an approvin' nod from such distinguished judges drives ingenuous youth into extempore bargains that they would otherwise bring half their acquaintance to inspect.

'When three men enter a yard, a dealer seldom opens out. Two are plenty for business—if the buyer is *pea-green*, he had better get some *riper*

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friend to play first fiddle, and he must be spectator. If he has a button at his 'at and 'olds his tongue, he may pass for a quiet fox-'unter, and so command respect. There's "masonry" in fox-'unting, and a loop in at the linin', or a button behind, will do more than all the swagger and bluster in the world.

'It is an invariable rule with the dealers to praise the bad points and let the good 'uns speak for themselves. It is a waste of time observin' that an 'oss is large in the 'ead or light in the carcase, 'cause a contradiction is sure to follow. It is equally useless axin' the age of a dealer's 'oss, because they are all "six h'off." If you object to shape, make, or colour, they will tell you it's all fancy! That some folks like a happle, others a honion, and Lord So-and-so would give any price for sich an 'oss. As to hargufying with a dealer, that's quite out of the question, because he has his cut and dried answers to every obseruation you can make, and two or three grums to swear to what he says. Keep, therefore, in mind what

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Gambado said about being *done*, keep also in view the sort of nag you want, and don't be talked into buyin' a cow, and when an 'oss of your figure makes his appearance, look him full in the face, as though you were used to such interviews. If you have read about sand-cracks, and sallenders, and sit-fasts, and thorough-pins, and quittors, and locked jaws, and curbs, you will save yourself the trouble of enquirin' after any of them by axin' the dealer if he'll warrant him sound. In course he'll say yes, and you may then proceed with your view. The precept "no fut no 'oss" is well to be borne in mind perhaps, as also "no 'ock no 'unter." Now, 'ark forward!

'The dealer, what with his tongue and his whip, will keep you and the nag in a state of trepidation.

'All the good qualities 'oss flesh is heir to will be laid to his charge, and there will be nothin' you can ax but what he will be able to do—"Leap! Lor bless you, sir, I vish you'd see'd him last Friday gone a week with the Queen's staggers at Slough. We was a runnin' old Skylark, wot always

*'What so 'umiliatin' as to see a big
farmer bullyin' a little man in leather and
scarlet for ridin' over his seeds.'*

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A SPORTING LECTOR

goes straight, when he planted the field at a six foot vall, dashed and coped with broken bottles— Not another 'oss looked at it, and Davis declared he never see'd such a lip in his life."

'*Spooney*.—"Vill he go in 'arness, do you think?"

'*Dealer*.—"Quietest crittur alive! Jack's eldest bouy here, a lad o' thirteen, driv him and another to Mile End and back, 'long the Strand, through Fleet Street, Cheapside, and all, busiest time o' day, and he nouter looked to the right nor the left. Lay your leg over him, sir!"

'Now this latter is an invitation for the gen'leman to mount, and if so be he of the button has never been much used to ride, he had better let his friend use his leg, or should neither be werry expert, let the dealer's man throw his over. Some 'osses don't like strangers, and nothin' looks so foolish as a man floored in a dealer's yard. Still, mountin' is the first step in practical 'ossmanship, and it don't need no conjurer to know that unless a man mount he can have no ride. Should our

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friend think well of the nag's looks, perhaps he cannot begin his acquaintance too soon. If he sees no wite of the eye or symptoms of wice, no coaxin' or whooain', or shoulderin' to get him to stand, let him march boldly up and mount, like William the Conqueror. 'Osses are queer critturs, and know when we are frightened of them just as well as we do ourselves. Born to be controlled, they stoop to the forward and the bold!

'If Green'orn gets fairly up, the chances are he likes his mount. It is pleasant to find one-self carried instead of kicked off, and some 'osses never ride so well as on trial. Out then Spooney goes, and tries all his paces; a self-satisfied smile plays on his mug, as rein on neck he returns down the covered ride, and the dealer, with a hair of indifference, axes, "'Ow he likes him?"

'*Spooney*.—"Why, pretty well—but I think he *ray*-ther pulls—I fear he'll be vindictive with 'ounds."

'*Dealer*.—"Pulls! Vy, if you *pulls* at him, in all humane probability he'll *pull* at you—otherwise

*'As soon as ever the eves begin to drop,
the would-bes put on their red coats and
go to the kennel.'*

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you might ride him with a thread," addin' aside, "I sells 'osses not 'ands. Finest mouth'd nag I ever was on!"

'*Spooney*.—"Well, but you'll take a *lee*-tle less than what you ax?"

'*Dealer*.—"Couldn't take a fardin' less!—gave within three sovs. of that myself, and brought him all the way from 'Orncastle—Squire Smith will take him if you don't—indeed, here comes his grum."

'Here the dealer's liveried and booted servant appears.

'The bargain is then closed—the money paid, a warranty included in the stamped receipt, and *Spooney's* first ride is to Field's, or the Weterinary College, to have him examined. One pound one is thus added to his price.

'Thus, my beloved 'earers,' concluded Mr. Jorrocks, 'have I conducted you through the all-perilous journey of your first deal, showin' how various and conflictin' are the opinions relative to 'osses, and how, as in many cases, wot is one man's meat is anither man's puzzon. Far be it from me

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to say, that you will be much wizer from anything you have heard, for the old stager will find nothin' but what he knew before, while all that can be taught the beginner is not to be too sanguinary in his expectations.

“‘Turn about is fair play,” as the devil said to the smoke-jack, and it is only right that those wot have invested capital in the purchase of experience, should be allowed to get a little back. By and by it will be Green’orn’s turn, and then little Spooney, who now goes sneakin’ up the yard, will swagger boldly in, commandin’ the respect and attention of the world.

‘We must all creep afore we can walk, and all be bitten afore we can bite. But let not ingenuous youth despair! If his ’oss is not so good as he might be, let him cherish the reflection that he might have been far worse! Let him apply that moral precept so beautifully inculcated towards his better ’alf:—

“‘ Be to his faults a little blind,
Be to his wirtues ever kind.”

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‘So shall little Spooney jog on rejoicin’! Each succeedin’ year shall find him better mounted, and at each fresh deal he will become a wiser, and, I ’opes, an ’appier man.’

Mr. Jorrocks concluded amidst loud and universal applause.

A loud call being then made on Roger Swizzle, that genius at length stepped forward, and after a few preparatory hems, declared that ‘of all the lectures he had ever listened to, either at Guy’s, Bartholomew’s, or elsewhere, he had never heard one so replete with eloquence, genius, and genuine information.’ (Cheers.) ‘Hunting, and Handley Cross waters’ (the original Spa! some one cried out), ‘the original Spa, of course,’ repeated Roger, ‘would cure every complaint under the sun, and if he hadn’t such a wash-ball seat, he declared he’d turn sportsman himself. Before they dispersed, however, let them pay a tribute of respect to the gentleman to whom they were indebted for such a great sporting luminary—he proposed three cheers for Captain Doleful.’

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Captain Doleful returned thanks, and proposed three cheers for Roger Swizzle, after which the majority of the male portion of the meeting resolved themselves into a brandy-and-water committee (Jorrocks in the chair), which sat very late, and resulted in our friend being left to pay the greater share of the shot.

II

ANOTHER SPORTING LECTOR

II

ANOTHER SPORTING LECTOR

MR. JORROCKS'S tongue being now well laid in for talking, he determined to keep it going, by giving another sporting lecture. Being, however, of opinion that a lecture that was worth listening to, was worth paying for, he determined to charge a shilling a head entrance, as well for the purpose of indemnifying himself against the expenses of the room, etc., as of giving Pigg the chance of any surplus there might be over for pocket-money, of which useful article James was rather short.

Our master's fame being now widely established, and occupation uncommonly slack at Handley Cross, a goodly muster was the result.

Precisely as the clock was done striking seven,

MR. JORROCKS' LECTORS

Mr. Jorrocks ascended the platform, attended by a few friends, and was received with loud cheers from the gentlemen, and the waving of handkerchiefs from the lady part of the audience. Of these there was a goodly number, among whom was Mrs. Jorrocks, in a great red turban with a plume of black feathers, reclining gracefully on one side; Stobbs sat between her and Belinda, who was dressed in a pale pink silk, with a gold cord in her hair: Belinda looked perfectly happy. When the applause had subsided, Mr. Jorrocks advanced to the front of the platform (which was decorated as before), and thus addressed the audience:—

‘Frinds and fellow-countrymen! Lend me your ears. That’s to say, listen to wot I’m a-goin’ to say to you. This night I shall enlighten you on the all-important ceremony of takin’ the field.’ (Loud applause.)

‘TAKIN’ THE FIELD!’ repeated he, throwing out his arms, and casting his eyes up at the elegant looping of his canopy. ‘TAKIN’ THE

*'The bald-headed keeper stands 'at in
'and at the gate, to let th'ounds into cover.'*

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ANOTHER SPORTING LECTOR

FIELD! glorious sound! wot words can convey anything 'alf so delightful?

'In my mind's eye I see the 'ounds in all their glossy pride a trottin' around Arterxerxes, who stamps and whinnies with delight at their company. There's old Pristess with her speckled sides, lookin' as wise as a Christian, and Trusty, and Tuneable, and Warrior, and Wagrant, and Workman, and Wengence, and all the glorious comrades o' the chase.

'But to the pint. Ingenious youth, having got his 'oss, and learned to tackle him, let me now, from the bonded warehouse of my knowledge, prepare him for the all-glorious ceremony of the 'unt.

'How various are the motives,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking thoughtfully, 'that draw men to the kiver [side. Some come to see, others to be seen; some for the ride out, others for the ride 'ome; some for happetites, some for 'ealth, some to get away from their wives, and a few to 'unt. Ah! give me the few—the chosen few—"the band

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o' brothers," as the poet says, wot come to 'unt!—men wot know the 'ounds, and know the covers, and know the country, and, above all, know when 'ounds are runnin', and when there're hoff the scent—men wot can ride in the fields, and yet 'old 'ard in the lanes—men wot would rayther see the thief o' the world well trounced in cover, than say they took a windmill in the hardour of the chase. Could I but make a little country of my own, and fill it with critturs of my own creation, I'd have such a lot o' trumps as never were seen out o' Surrey. (Loud cheers.)

'Bliss my 'eart, wot a many ways there is of enjoyin' the chase,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, 'and 'ow one man is led into folly and extravagance by another! Because great Sampson Stout, who rides twenty stun', with the nerves of a steam-hengine, keeps twelve 'unters and two 'acks, little Tommy Titmouse, who scarcely turns nine with his saddle, must have as many, though he dare hardly ride over a water furrow. Because Sir Yawnberry Dawdle, who lies long in bed, sends on,

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Mr. Larkspur, who is up with the sun, must needs do the same, though he is obliged to put off time, lest he should arrive afore his 'oss. Because Lady Giddyfool puts a hyacinth in her lord's button-'ole, every hass in his 'unt must send to Covent Garden to get some. I werrily believes, if a lord was to stick one of my peacock Gabriel Junks's feathers in his 'at, there would be fools to follow his example; out upon them, say I: 'unting is an expensive amusement or not, jest as folks choose to make it.

'There's a nasty word called "can't," that does an infinity of mischief. One can't 'unt without eight 'osses; one can't do without two 'acks; one can't ride in a country saddle; one can't do this, and one can't do that—hang your can'ts! Let a man look at those below him instead o' those above, and think 'ow much better hoff he is nor they. (Applause.) Surely the man with one 'oss is better off than the man with none! (Renewed applause.)

'Believe me, my beloved 'earers, if a man's

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inclined for the chase, he'll ride a'most anything, or walk sooner than stay at 'ome. I often thinks, could the keen foot-folks change places with the fumigatin' yards o' leather and scarlet, wot a much better chance there would be for the chase! They, at all events, come out from a *genuine* inclination for the sport, and not for mere show-sake, as too many do.

'Dash my vig, wot men I've seen in the 'unting-field! men without the slightest notion of 'unting, but who think it right to try if they like it, jest as they would try smokin' or eatin' olives after dinner.

"You should get a red coat, and join the 'unt," says a young gen'leman's old aunt; and forthwith our hero orders two coats of the newest cut, five pair of spurs, ten pair of breeches, twenty pair of boots, waistcoats of every cut and figure, a bunch of whips, diachulum drawers, a cigar-case for his pocket, a pocket-siphonia, a sandwich case for one side, and a shoe-case for t'other, and keeps a hair-bed afloat agin he

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comes 'ome with a broken leg. (Laughter and applause.)

'But I lose my patience thinkin' o' such fools. If it warn't that among those who annually take the field, and are choked off by the expense, there are ingenuous youths who, with proper handlin', might make good sportsmen and valuable payin' subscribers, I'd wesh my 'ands of sich rubbish altogether. If any such there be within the limits of this well-filled room, let him open wide his hears, and I will teach him, not only how to do the trick, but to do it as if he had been at it all his life, and at werry little cost. Let him now pull out his new purchase, and learn to ride one 'oss afore he keeps two. We will now jog together to the meet. And mark! it's only bouys in jackets and trousers that are out for the *first* time.—Viskers, boots, and breeches, are 'sposed to come from another country. First we must dress our sportsman;—no black trousers crammed into top-boots—no white ducks shaped over the foot, or fur-caps

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cocked jauntily on the 'ead :—real propriety, and no mistake !

‘That great man Mr. Delme Ratcliffe, says in his interestin’ blue-book, “that there’s nothin’ more snobbish than a black tye with top-boots.” It was a werry clever remark, and an enlargement of Mr. Hood’s idea of no one ever havin’ seen a sailor i’ top boots. Bishops’ boots Mr. Radcliffe also condemned, and spoke highly in favour of tops cleaned with champagne and abricot jam. ‘Hoganys, ’owever, are now all the go, and the darker the colour, the keener the wearer expects to be thought. I saw a pair i’ the Cut-me-Downs last year, that were nearly black.

‘Leather-breeches Mr. Radcliffe spoke kindly of, but unless a man has a good many servants, he had better have them cleanin’ his ’oss than cleanin’ his breeches. Leathers are werry expensive, though there’s a deal of wear i’ them. I have a pair that were made by White o’ Tarporley, in George the Third’s reign, and though the cut is summut altered, the constitution of them remains

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intact. In those days it was the fashion to have them so tight, that men used to be slung into them by pulleys from their ceilings; and a fashionable man, writin' to his tailor for a pair, added this caution, "Mind, if I can get into them, I won't have them." Leathers were once all the go for street-work, and werry 'andsome they looked.

'I've heard a story, that when George the Fourth was Prince, a swell coveted the style of his leathers so much that he bribed the Prince's valet largely for the recipe. "You shall have it," said the man pocketin' the coin, and lookin' werry wise; "the fact is," added he, "the way his Royal 'Ighness's royal unmentionables look so well is, because his Royal 'Ighness sleeps in them.'" ('Haw, haw, haw,' grunted Mr. Jorrocks, in company with several of his audience.) 'Some chaps affect the dark cords as well as the 'hogany boots, but there's as much haffectation i' one as the other. Blow me tight, if it weren't for the bright colours there wouldn't be many fox-'unters.

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‘The custom of riding in scarlet is one it becomes me to speak upon;—I doesn’t know nothin’ about the hantiquity of it, or whether Julius Cæsar, or any other of those antient covies, sported it or not; but, like most subjects, a good deal may be said on both sides of the question. There’s no doubt it’s a good colour for wear, and that it tends to the general promotion of fox-’unting, seeing that two-thirds of the men wot come out and subscribe wouldn’t do so if they had to ride in black. Still I think ingenuous youth should not be permitted to wear it at startin’, for a scarlet coat in the distance, though chock full of hignorance, is quite as allurin’ as when it encloses the most experienced sportsman.

‘I remembers dinin’ at a convivial party in London, where there was a werry pleasant fat “M.F.H.,” who told a story of what ’appened to him in the New Forest. This, I need scarcely say, is a great wood of many thousand haeres (a hundred thousand p’raps), and unless a man looks sharp, and keeps near the ’ounds, he stands a

'See! 'ow they range.'

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werry good chance of losin' of them. Well, it so 'appened that this 'ere fat gen'l'man did lose them, and castin' about, he saw a red coat flyin' over a flight o' rails i' the distance. In course he made for it, but afore he got up, what was his astonishment at seein' red-coat pull up and charge back! He found the gen'l'man knew nothin' about the 'ounds, and was gettin' on capital without them.

'A Yorkshire frind o' mine went to a union 'unt, where men from three countries attended. —The field was frightful! Three 'underd and fifty 'ossmen, all determined to ride, and as jealous as cats. Now my frind being a true-born Briton, and not to be made to ride over nothin' on compulsion, started away in quite a different line to wot the fox broke, followed by an 'underd 'ossmen or more. The 'arder he went, the 'arder they rode, and fearin' he might fall, and be flummox'd, he made for a windmill on a neighbouring 'ill, and stuck his 'oss's tail to the sail.

'Up came his followers, puffin' and blowin' like

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so many grampuses. "Vich vay? vich vay? vich vay are th' 'ounds gone?" gasped they.

"'Ounds!" exclaimed my frind; "I've been ridin' away from you all the time; 'ounds be gone t'other way!"' ('Haw, haw, haw!' a laugh in which the whole room joined, till the mirth got up into a roar, which Mr. Jorrocks availed himself of to pay his respects to a stiff tumbler of brandy and water that now began to send forth its fragrance from the table at the rear of the platform.)

Smacking his lips, he thus resumed—

'So much for the force of example, gen'lemen;—had my frind been in black, the crowd wouldn't have come. Still, the colour's good, and it ar'n't the use, but the abuse, that I complains on. For my part I likes a good roomy red rag, that one can jump in and out of with ease. These fine tight things,' continued he, taking hold of his sky-blue coat, lined with pink silk, and looking at his canary-coloured shorts, 'are all well enough for dancin' in, but for real scrimmagin' out-door work, there's nothin' like room and flannel;—good long-

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backed coats, with the waistcoat made equally warm all round, and the back to come down in a flap, and plenty of good well-lined laps to wrap over one's thighs when it rains.'—Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, and describing the cut of each article as he went on. 'Berlin gloves are capital for 'unting in,' continued he; 'they keep your 'ands warm, and do to rub your nose upon in cold weather.

'Youngsters should be cautious o' spurs;—they may use them wot is called incontinently, and get into grief. I disagree with Geoffrey Gambado, who recommends the free use of them, as tendin' to keep the blood in circulation, and preventin' one's toes catchin' cold. He recommends spurrin' i' the shoulder, where he says an 'oss has most feelin', because he has most weins; adding, that by spurrin' at his body, five times in six your labour is lost; for if you are a short man, you spur the saddle-cloth only; if a leggy one, you never touch him at all; and if middlin', the rider wears out his own girths, without the 'oss

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being a bit the better for it; but my own opinion is, that the less ingenuous youth uses them the better.

‘A slight knowledge o’ farmin’ promotes the true enjoyment of the chase. What so ‘umiliatin’ as to see a big farmer bullyin’ a little man in leather and scarlet for ridin’ over his seeds, when the innocent is ignorant of havin’ done nothin’ o’ the sort. Seeds, my beloved ‘earers, are what grow into clover, or new-land hay; they come hup arter the corn-crop, and when that is reaped, if an inquiring sportsman will examine the ground, he will see little green herbs, like crow’s feet, shooting hup ‘mong the stubble, which rear themselves into stalks with expandin’ leaves; and those glorious pink and white balls, called clover, wot smell so fragrantly as one loiters pensively along the shady dusty lanes.

‘Now, if the iron-shod ‘unter careers over these young and tender plants, leavin’ his copyright behind him, and it comes wet shortly arter, the standin’ water perishes the plants, and leaves the

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farmer to water his bed with tears and lamentations. Oh, miserable bunchelod!

‘So it is with wheat. If you see a field nicely laid away, the surface all smooth, and the furrows all open, you may conclude that is wheat, even though the tender green blades—the promissory notes of life’s comin’ year—are not yet apparent. Some labour ’ard to make themselves believe that it increases the crop to ride over it, and many a hargument I’ve held with farmers in favour of that position myself, but no man, who treats himself to a little undisguised truth, can make himself believe so, unless, indeed, he is satisfied that a drove of hoxen would improve the prospects of a flower-garden by passin’ a night in frolicsome diversion. The wheat-field is the farmer’s flower-garden!—It is to it that he looks for the means of payin’ his rent, and giving his hamiable wife and accomplished darters a new piannet, and a scarlet welwet bonnet a-piece, with a black feather drooping over the left hear (Mr. Jorrocks looking slyly at Mrs. J. as he said this); and young and heed-

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less men, if even they have no compassion on the old cock-farmer, should think what distress they will cause to the hens if they lose their scarlet welwet bonnets with the appurtenances. Some wags say that wheat is called 'ard corn, because it stands a wast of ridin' over; but I maintains that it no more means that, than that 'ard-money currency means "money 'ard to get at,"—or that an 'ard rider means a man wot will trot down 'Olborn 'ill on a frosty mornin'. Let every feelin' man, then, consider, when he is about to ride over wheat, that he is about to trample underfoot scarlet welwet bonnets, and with them the farmer's darters' best and tenderest 'opes.

'And here let me observe, that I cannot help thinkin' that that celebrated man, Gambado, has been the unconscious means of many a field of wheat being trampled down. When such great men talk lightly on a subject, little minds catch the infection, and far outstrip the author's most sanguinary conceptions.

'Speaking in laudatory terms of the merits of

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the dray 'oss—merits that no one will deny—Gambado talks of the figure they are calculated to make on the road or in the field. “Scarce any of them,” says he, “but is master of thirty stone and hupwards!” (Roars of laughter.) “What a sublime scene would it be,” continues he, “to see fourscore or a 'underd of these hanimals on the full stretch over a piece of wheat, to catch sight of an 'ound!” (Roars of laughter.)

‘Gentlemen,’ continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking very irate, ‘I’m sorry for your mirth—(hisses and laughter)—shocked at your immorality, in fact!—Dash my vig if I arn’t!’ (Renewed laughter and cheers.)

‘Such undecent mirth would disgrace a Cockney! A Cockney looks upon a farmer as an inferior crittur!—a sort of domestic convict, transported far beyond the bills o’ mortality, and condemned to wander in 'eavy 'ob-nailed shoes amid eternal hacres o’ dirt and dandyions. I 'opes such is not your opinion.—(Loud cries of “No, no,” and cheers.) I’m glad sich wickedness

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finds no response here.' Mr. Jorrocks again retired, and recomposed himself with another draught of brandy and water.

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'Now,' said he, licking his lips, as he returned to the front of the platform; 'let ingenuous youth suppose himself at the meet, and that he has been presented to the M.F.H., to whom the greatest respect and reverence should always be paid, for there's no man to compare to him i' point o' greatness. The meet is the place for lettin' off the fulminatin' balls of wit; but unless young green'orn be a tolerably jawbacious sort of chap, he had better be a listener at first. There are a few stock jokes that do for any country, the ready appliance of which stamps the user as a wag or a sportsman among those who don't know no better. "Dear sir," says one man to another, ridin' a white-faced 'oss, "I fears your nag is werry bad!"

"'Ow so?" inquires t'other, all alarm.

*'The listenin' ploughman now stops his
plough.'*

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“Vy, he’s all vite in the face!” (Haw! haw! haw!)

“Yours is an expensive nag, I see,” observes a second.

“Not more than other people’s,” is the answer.

“Yes he is; for I see he wears boots as well as shoes,” pointing to speedy-cut boots.

“’Ave I lost a shoe in coming?” inquires a gentleman, who with a late start has come in a hurry.

“They’re not all on before!” exclaims half a dozen voices, ready with the joke.

“Does your mother know you are out?” is a familiar inquiry that may be safely hazarded to a bumptious boy in a jacket. “More dirt the less hurt!” is a pleasant piece o’ consolation for a friend with a mud mask; and “One at a time, and it will last the longer!” is a knowin’ exclamation to make to a hundred and fifty friends waiting for their turns at an ’unting-wicket. “Over you go; the longer you look the less you’ll like it!” may be ’ollo’d to a friend lookin’ long at a fence.

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“Hurry no man’s cattle! you may keep a donkey yourself some day!” is the answer to the last. When you see a lawyer floored, sing out, “There’s an ’oss a layin’ down the law!” If a chap axes if your nag will jump timber, say, “He’ll leap over your ’ead.” These, and sich as these, are your tickets for soup, as the cook said when she basted the scullion with the hox-tail! (Loud laughter.)

‘Flattery is easier accomplished than wit, and the meet is a place where butter, with a little knowledge, will go a long way. All masters of ’ounds like praise. Some are so fond on it, that they butter themselves. If you see ’ounds’ ribs, and their loins are well filled, and flanks hollow, you may say they look like their work; if they’re fat, say they are werry even in condition; if lean, that they look like goin’ a bust; if jest noways in ’tickler, you can’t get wrong if you say, you never saw a nicer lot. If you see some with clips on the hears, or along the backs, you may conclude they are new comers, and ax where they are from. Rich coloured ’ounds you may liken to the Belvoir,

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and then you can talk of Goodhall and Guider, or of the Quorn Trueman, or even go back as far as Furrier and Hosbaldeston ; and swear you never saw sich legs and feet ; in short, let legs and feet, or legs and loins, be the burthen of your song. Beware of callin' 'ounds dogs, or sterns tails. Sich a slip would make the M.F.H. turn tail on you directly.

‘It looks werry knowin’ to take a bit o’ biscuit out of your pocket, as you are lookin’ over the ‘ounds, and make them rise on their hind-legs to receive it, while you scrutinise them werry attentively. This is a most scientific proceedin’ and will immediately stamp you as a werry knowin’ ‘and, if not for an M.F.H. himself. Still let your talk be of legs and loins, with an occasional mention of helbows and shoulders. Perfection ! symmetry ! ‘andsome ! level ! bone ! breedin’ ! condition ! Lord ‘Enry ! Sir Richard, Sir Tatton, Mr. Jorrocks,—are terms that may be thrown in at random, jest as the butter seems to go down. If, however, ingenuous youth’s afraid o’ bein’ tempted

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out of his depth, it's a safe wenture to look werry approvinly at the pack generally, and then say that "they're larger nor some he has seen, and not so large as others." (Laughter.) In sayin' this, it may p'raps be well jest to feel his 'oss with the spur, so as to make him wince, which will give him an excuse for withdrawin' on the score o' being afear'd o' kickin' the 'ounds, and save him from bein' axed to name the larger or smaller packs he's seen, which might be inconwenient.

'Untsmen are either 'eaven-born or hidiot—there's no medium. Every schoolboy can criticise their performance. It's 'stonishin' how quickly 'untsmen are run up and down, jest like the funds, with the bulls and the bears. As no M.F.H. keeps what he considers a fool, it may be well to commence in the soapy line; for even though a master may abuse a servant himself, he may not fancy his field doing so too.

'At the meet, every man's time is accordin' to his own conwenience. Should he have been too early, the hounds have come late; and should he

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be late, the 'ounds were there afore their time. The last man always says that there's no one else comin', as in course he does not see the wit of waitin' after he arrives.

' Among the many followers of the chase, there be some men wot start with wot seems like a good mould-candle passion for the chase, but, somehow or other, after a few seasons, it simmers down to little better nor a fardin' rushlight. After the first brush of the thing is over, they begin to economise their 'osses in November, that they may have them fresh about Christmas; or they don't work them much in February, as they wish to save a couple to take to town in the spring; or tool their missesses about in the Booby Hutch. Ven I hear chaps talk this way, I always reckon upon seein' their coats nailin' the happle-trees up afore long.

'Some are much greater 'oss coddles than others. When Tat. wrote to Ferguson to know vot he wanted for 'Arkaway, and whether the 'oss was in work, Ferguson replied, "The price of

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'Arkaway is six thousand guineas, and I 'unts him twice and thrice a week!" (Roars of laughter.)

'Some men keep servants to be their masters.

"I shall ride the roan, to-morrow, Jones," says a gen'lman to his grum.

"Can't, sir; just given him a dose o' physic."

"Well, then, the black. He's not been out since yesterday week."

"His turn's not till Toosday."

"Oh, never mind! Just let me have a look at him."

"*Can't*. Stable's done up—not to be hopen till four; so mizzle, master."

'In course these chaps have 'igh wages,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, 'or they couldn't 'ave such himperence. They are the bouys wot won't let their masters buy 'osses o' men o' my woracity and judgment, unless they 'ave their "reglers," five per cent. on the price, or as much more as they can get. A man wot would be master of his stable, must never consult his grum about a quad. Consult 'im forsooth!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks.

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‘Why, there is not one grum i’ fifty that knows when an ’oss he has the care on is lame. They’ll go slouchin’ to cover on ’osses that their masters pronounce lame the moment they mount. A man with a strong bouy and a hash-plant is generally master of his stud; a master with a bouy and no hash-plant is like a fiddle without a stick.

‘More ’osses are ruined from want o’ work than from the excess on’t. Take a season through, and ’ow werry few days there are on which there is really any thing for gen’lmen’s ’osses to do; though, to be sure, such days generally come in a heap; yet, as no one can say how long a run o’ luck will last, my advice is, to keep goin’ as long as ever you can. A man can get but six days a week if he labours ever so, and there are werry few wot would not rayther have four, or maybe two. The flash o’ ridin’ long distances to meet one pack of ’ounds, when another’s at ’and, arises from the pleasure of sportin’ a red coat through a longer line o’ country, and vinkin’ at the gals on the road, or from a desire to be talked of as havin’

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done so, and as being werry keen 'ands. I generally find them werry great fools!

'There is another way that would-be sportsmen have of showin' their keenness. Durin' a storm it is not unusual for the M.F.H. to advertise that th' 'ounds will meet at the kennel the first day the weather permits. Well, as soon as ever the eves begin to drop, the would-bes put on their red coats and go to the kennel, continuin' the process day after day until the thaw really arrives; they throw up, and swear they von't 'unt with him any more.

"Not hung yourself yet, Gilhespie?" suitin' the haction to the word by feelin' your neck and cockin' your thumb under your hear, is a fine sportin' interrogatory to put to a frind in the street durin' a frost. All these mendacious means let ingenuous youth despise. It's one thin' to cover your hignorance and another to help you to imperance. I does the former only.

'And now,' continued the worthy lecturer, casting his eyes up to his canopied curtain, as he

*'Mark 'ow he runs the cover's hutmost
limits.'*

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jingled the silver in his canary-coloured shorts, 'And now, if I had a few words 'bout cost, 'bout old £ s. d., I think I'd be ready for a start. The cost of 'unting, my beloved 'earers, like all other things, depends a'most entirely on 'ow you go about it. The only really indispensable outlay is the subscription to the 'ounds, which ought always to be paid punctual in advance, jest like you 'ave to pay the stakes at a race. Whoever wants, the M.F.H. should be paid. Prudence and 'conomy are all right and proper in everything 'cept 'unting. For 'unting there must be a liberal outlay, and no grumblin'. Musn't do like dirty Harry Tight, who, when Fleecy axed wot he would subscribe to my 'ounds, exclaimed, "Subscribe! I wouldn't insult Mr. Jorrocks by offerin' of him money!"' (Laughter and hisses.) 'Insult,' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, looking very irate, 'jest as if I was a likely man to be insulted with the hoffer of money. Much more likely to insult 'im for *not* offerin' it.' (Laughter and applause.)

'Well, then, the requirements o' the master

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bein' satisfied,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, buttoning up and slapping his breeches-pocket, 'let ingenuous youth turn his 'tention to the stable. It's no use givin' a publican and sinner a guinea or five-and-twenty shillings a-week for keepin' your quadrupeds, when you can rent a stable and keep them yourself for ten or twelve shillin'. There's not even the benefit of any flash i' the thing, which is wot moves many men to the 'orrors o' the chase. Still less use is it wastin' your substance on old Bonnyface's 'ouse, with his sixpenny breakfasts for 'alf-a-crown, and dinners i' like proportion, when you can get a comfey rumph lodgin' and find yourself for 'alf or a third o' the money. There are no people want puttin' to rights so much as the innkeepers. Kiver 'acks are all gammon for men wi' short studs. An 'ack can do nothin' but 'ack, while he will cost as much as a third 'oss wot will both 'ack and 'unt. Let ingenuous youth then learn to dispense with the useless appendage. I often think,' continued Mr. Jorrocks musingly, 'that it would be a capital thing to pass ingenuous

*'Now he's away! Old Rasper has him
again!'*

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youth generally, through a sort of Chobham camp to learn 'em wot they can really do without.

'Ingenuous youth, 'aving now got all the implements o' the chase scraped together, and the early rains of dear delightful November—the best and plisantest month i' the year—'aving well salivated the ground, forthwith let 'im put all my precepts in practice, istead o' sneakin' off to Boulogne or Paris for the winter, arter talkin' 'bout the delights of 'unting all the summer.

“‘Time trieth troth,” says the proverb, but “November trieth truth” i' the 'unting line, and men that don't like 'unting, had much better not give themselves the trouble of pretendin' they do, for they're sure to be found out, and branded for 'umbugs for their trouble. It's a werry rum thing 'ow few men there are who candidly say they don't like it. They've all been keen sportsmen at some time or other o' their lives. Every man,' continued Mr. Jorrocks sententiously, 'wot prefers his 'ealth to the interests o' the Seidletz pooder makers, will get as much 'unting as ever he can

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afore Christmas.' (Great laughter and applause.)
'So now let's be doin'!' added he, rubbing his elbows against his sides as if anxious for the fray.

'Let us s'pose the last, *last* fumigatin' piece o' conceit has cast up, and the M.F.H. gives the hoffice to the 'untsman to throw off. 'Osses' 'eads turn one way, th' 'ounds brisk up at the move, the coffee-room breaks up, frinds pair off to carry out jokes, while the foot people fly to the 'ills, and the bald-'eaded keeper stands 'at in 'and at the gate, to let th' 'ounds into cover.

"*Eleu in!*" at length cries the 'untsman, with a wave of his 'and, and in an instant his 'osses' 'eels are deserted. The vipper-in has scuttled round the cover, and his rate and crack are 'eard on the far side. "Gently, Conqueror! *Conqueror*, *have a care!* Ware are! ware are!"'

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Here Mr. Jorrocks paused, apparently for the purpose of recollecting something.

'There's a bit o' potry due here,' observed he; 'but somehow or other it von't come to halloo!

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“Great, glorious, and free,
First flower o’ the hocean, first——”

continued he. ‘No, *that* von’t do, that was old Dan’s dodge. Yet it’s somethin’ like that, too; can no one help me? Ah, I have it:—

“Delightful scene!
When all around is gay, men, ’osses, dogs;
And in each smilin’ countenance appears
Fresh bloomin’ ’ealth, and uniwersal joy.”

‘And yet that’s not exactly the place it should have come in at nouter,’ observed Mr. Jorrocks, recollecting himself; ‘that scrap is meant for the meet; throwin’ off is thus described by Peter Beckford, or some other gen’lman wot described it to him. Howsomever it von’t do to waste a cotation, so you can jest joggle t’other one back in your minds to the right place. This is throwin’ off:—

“See! ’ow they range
Dispersed, ’ow busily this way and that,
They cross, examinin’ with curious nose
Each like ’aunt. ’Ark! on the drag I ’ear
Their doubtful notes, preludin’ to a cry
More nobly full, and swelled with every mouth.”

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‘Now that’s poetry and sense too,’ observed Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips, ‘which is more than poetry always is ; for a poet, you see, has to measure his words, and werry often the one that would best express vot he vonts von’t fit in with t’others, so he’s obliged to halter his meanin’ altogether, or mount a lame steed. For my part, I likes prose best, and I reckon Peter’s prose better nor most men’s werse. Hear ’ow he finds his fox.’ Mr. Jorrocks then took his newly-bound Beckford from the table at the back of the platform, and read as follows :—

“ ‘Ow musical their tongues ! And as they get near to him, ’ow the chorus fills ! ’Ark ! he is found. Now, vere are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls ! or where your pains and aches, ye complainin’ ones ! one holloo has dispelled them all. Vot a crash they make ! and hecho seeminly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The ’stonished traveller forsakes his road ; lured by its melody, the listenin’ ploughman now stops his plough, and every distant shepherd

*'Tighlen your reins, 'arden your 'earts,
and with elbows and legs, elbows and legs,
get forrard to the 'ounds.'*

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“Shake Billy from his pedestal and set up Peter!” (Hisses and applause.)

‘I once wrote my epitaph, and it was werry short :—

“Hic jacet Jorrocks,”

was all wot I said ; but the unlettered 'untsman, or maybe M.F.H., might pass me by, jest as he would a dead emperor. Far different would it be should this note follow—“Mr. J. was a celebrated fox-'unter, and lecturer upon 'unting.” Then would the saunterin' sportsman pause as he passed, and drop a tribute to the memory of one who loved the chase so well. But I'm gettin' prosaic and off the line. Let us 'ark back into cover ! The chase, I sings ! Let's see.

‘We had jest found our fox. Well, then, let's at Peter again, for there's no one boils one hup into a gallop like him. Here's a description of the thief o' the world afore he breaks.' Mr. Jorrocks reads :—

“‘Mark 'ow he runs the cover's hutmost limits, yet dares not wentur forth ; the 'ounds are still

'Better far to charge wiggorously.'

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ANOTHER SPORTING LECTOR

too near! The check is lucky! Now, if our frinds 'ead him not, he will soon be off!"

'TALLI-HO!' screamed Mr. Jorrocks, at the top of his voice. 'Dash my vig, that's the cry!' continued he, holding his hand in the air. 'See 'ow pale the gen'leman in light scarlet and bishop's boots is turnin', and how delighted old Jack Rasper, in the cut-away olive, broad cords, and hoganys is; his low-crowned 'at's in the hair, for he sees the warmint, a sight more glorious nor the lord mayor's show; yet he 'olloas not! Ah, it's talli-ho back! The fox is 'eaded by yon puppy in purple, strikin' a light on the pommel of his saddle. 'Ope he'll soon be sick! Th' 'ounds turn short, and are at him again. Have at him, my beauties! Have at him, my darlin's! Have at him, I say! Yonder he goes at t'other end!—now he's away! Old Rasper has him again! "Talli-ho, *away!*" he cries. The old low-crowned 'at's in the hair, and now every man 'oops and 'olloas to the amount of his superscription. *Twang! twang! twang!* goes the Percival; crack! crack! crack! go the whips;

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'ounds, 'osses, and men, are in a glorious state of excitement! Full o' beans and benevolence!'

'So am I, my beloved 'earers,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, after a pause; 'and must let off some steam, or I shall be teachin' you to over-ride the 'ounds.' So saying, Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the platform, and cooled himself with a fresh glass of hot brandy and water. Presently he returned, and thus resumed his discourse.

'Oh! my beloved 'earers, if I'd been at the great Mr. Pomponius Hego's helbow when in describin' this critical period of the chase he penned the words, "*go along*, there are three couple of 'ounds on the scent," I'd ha' seen if I couldn't ha' got him to put in "now 'old your jaws, and 'old 'ard! and let 'em settle quietly to the scent." Believe me, my beloved 'earers, the words "*go along*, there are three couple of 'ounds on the scent," have lost many a run and saved the life of many a warmint. 'Ow I likes to see the 'ounds come quietly out, settlin' and collectin' together, gradually mending their pace as they go, till they

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brew up a reg'lar bust. That's the way to make the foxes cry "Capevi!"' added he. (Laughter and applause.)

'Here let me hobserve,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, 'that it's a grand thing for ingenuous youth to get a view of the warmint at startin'! by so doing he gets a sort of wested interest in the fox, and rides arter him as he would arter a thief with his watch. There's a knack in doin' this, and some men are cleverer at it than others, but half the battle consists in not being flurried—"Yonder he goes! yonder he goes! Talli-ho! talli-ho!" exclaim a dozen people, pointin' different ways—and hearin' that a fox is a quick travellin' beast, ingenuous youth begins to look some half-a-mile a-head; whereas, if the people were to cry, "Here he is! here he is!" pointin' downwards, Spooney would take a nearer range, and see that a fox travels more like a cat nor a crow. Folks overlook the fox, jest as one overlooks a mustard-pot under one's nose.

'Well, then, my beloved 'earers, glorious talli-

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ho! talli-ho!—whose very echo kivers me all over with the creeps—is holloed and repeated, and responded and re-echoed, and th' 'ounds are settlin' to the scent. As soon as ever you 'ear the cry, make up your minds either to go on or go 'ome. But I won't s'pose that any man will stop stirrin' till the puddin's done; at all ewents, not till he sees a fence, so thrust your 'eads well into your 'ats, tighten your reins, 'arden your 'earts, and with elbows and legs, elbows and legs, get forrard to the 'ounds.' Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, straddling and working an imaginary horse with his arms.

'Now we are away! The cover's wacated, and there's not another within four miles, which courtesy will call fourteen! Vich vay's the vind? South-east, as I live. Then he's away for Brammelkite Brake! Now for your topographical dictionaries, or, vot is still better, some gemman with a map of the country in his 'ead. The field begins to settle into places, like folks at the play. If there's no parson to pilot the way, gen'lmen

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with 'osses to sell take the first rank. Every one now sees who are there, and many may be wantin' at the end to tell who come in so; a rasper well negotiated at this time o' day has sold many a screw. After the gen'lmen with 'osses to sell comes the 'untsman, entreatin' the gen'lmen with 'osses to sell not to press upon the 'ounds; but as he only talks to their backs, they regard the exhortation as a mere figure o' speech. The top-sawyers of the 'unt will be close on the 'untsman. There will not be many of these; but should there be a barrack in the neighbourhood, some soger officers will most likely mex up and ride at the 'ardest rider among 'em. The dragon soger officer is the most dangerous, and may be known by the viskers under his nose. A foot soger officer's 'oss is generally better in his wind than on his legs. They generally wear chin wigs, and always swear the leaps are nothin' compared with those in the county they came from—Cheapside, p'raps.

'In the wake of the top-sawyers and soger officers will come your steady two 'oss men, their

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eyes to the 'ounds, their thoughts in the chase, regardless of who crams or who cranes. These generally wear cords, their viskers are greyish, and their brown top-boots look as if they have never been wite.

'The "safe-pilot" is generally a man with a broad back clad in bottle-green, with plain metal buttons, white neckcloth, striped veskit, drab kerseys, with ribbons danglin' over a 'hogany top; or may be in the scarlet coat of the 'unt, with a hash-plant, to denote that he is a gate-opener, and not a leaper: a man of this sort will pilot a youngster all day without ridin' over a fence. He knows every twist, every turn, every gate, every gap, in the country, and though sometimes appearin' to ride away from the 'ounds, by skirtin' and nickin', will often gain Reynard's p'int afore them—p'raps afore Reynard himself!

'We must not follow him, but "streak it" across the country a bit, as brother Jonathan would say, and this is the time that, if ingenuous youth's 'oss has any monkey in him, he will assuredly get his

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dander up and show it. The commonest occurrence in all natur is for him to run away, which is highly disagreeable. Geoffrey Gambado well observes, that when a man is well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him is how to stop his 'oss. Some will run him at a ditch, which is a werry promisin' experiment, if he leaps ill, or not at all; others try a gate-post, but it requires a nice eye to hit the centre with the 'oss's 'ead, so as not to graze your own leg. Frenchmen—and Frenchmen ride as well now as they did in Gambado's time—will ride against one another; and Geoffrey tells a good story of an ingenious Frenchman he saw make four experiments on Newmarket Heath, in only one of which he succeeded. His 'oss ran away with him whilst Gimcrack was runnin' a match, and the Count's 'opes of stoppin' him being but small, he contrived to turn him across the course and rode slap at Gimcrack, 'opin' to effect it by a broadside; but Gimcrack was too quick for the Count, and he missed his aim. He then made full at Lord

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March, but unluckily only took him slantin'; baffled in this second attempt, the Count relied on the Devil's Ditch as a certain check to his career, but his 'oss carried him clean over; and had not the rubbin'-house presented itself, the Count asserted he werily believed he should soon have reached London. Dashin' at the rubbin' 'ouse, with true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his 'oss, not being able to proceed, stopped, and that so suddenly that Ducrow himself would have kissed his own sawdust. The Count, it is true, came off but tolerably well; the 'oss broke his 'ead and the Count's likewise, so that, accordin' to the opinion of two negatives makin' an affirmative, little or no 'arm was done, an ingenious, if not a satisfactory, mode of disposin' of damage.

'And here let me observe, that to 'unt pleasantly two things are necessary—to know your 'oss and to know your own mind. An 'oss is a queer critter. In the stable, on the road, or even in a green lane, he may be all mild and hamiable—jest like a gal you're a courtin' of—but

'See 'ow they top the 'edge.

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when he gets into the matrimony of the 'unting-field among other nags, and sees th' 'ounds, which always gets their danders up, my vig! it's another pair of shoes altogether, as we say in France. Howsomever, if you know your 'oss and can depend upon him, so as to be sure he will carry you over whatever you put him at, have a good understandin' with yourself afore ever you come to a leap, whether you mean to go over it or not, for nothing looks so pusillanimous as to see a chap ride bang at a fence as though he would eat it, and then swerve off for a gate or a gap. Better far to charge wiggorously, and be chucked over by the 'oss stoppin' short, for the rider may chance to light on his legs, and can look about uncon-sarnedly, as though nothing particklar had 'appened. I'm no advocate for leapin', but there are times when it can't be helped, in which case let a man throw his 'eart fearlessly over the fence and follow it as quick as ever he can, and being well landed, let him thank Providence for his luck, and lose no time in lookin' for the best way out.

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Thus he will go on from leap to leap, and from field to field, rejoicin'; and havin' got well over the first fence, it's 'stonishin' 'ow fearlessly he charges the next. Some take leapin'-powder—spirits of some sort—but it's a contemptible practice, unworthy of ingenuous youth.

'The finest receipt, however, for makin' men ride is shakin' a sportin' hauthor afore them at startin'. Crikey! 'ow I've seen 'em streak across country so long as he remained in sight! Coves wot wouldn't face a water-furrow if they had had their own way, under the impulse of glory, will actually spur their steeds!

'Gentlemen wot take their ideas of 'unting from Mr. Hackermann's pictor-shop in Regent's Street must have rum notions of the sport. There you see red laps flyin' out in all directions, and 'osses apparently to be had for catchin'. True, that in 'unting men will roll about—but so they will on the road; and I'd rayther have two bumps in a field than one on a pike. Danger is everywhere! An accomplished frind o' mine says, "Impendet

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omnibus periculum"—Danger 'angs over an omnibus: and "Mors *omnibus* est communis,"—You may break your neck in an *omnibus*: but are we, on that account, to shun the vehicle of which the same great scholar says, "Wirtus parvo pretio licet ab omnibus,"—Wirtue may ride cheap in an omnibus? Surely not!

'Still, a fall's a hawful thing. Fancy a great sixteen 'and 'oss lyin' on one like a blanket, or sittin' with his monstrous hemispheres on one's chest, sendin' one's werry soul out o' one's nostrils! Dreadful thought! Vere's the brandy?' Here-upon Mr. Jorrocks again retired to the back of the platform to compose his nerves.

'Now, my beloved 'earers,' continued he, returning and wiping his mouth on the back of his hand,—'Now, my beloved 'earers, let's draw on old Peter for a run, for I really think a good suck of 'im is a'most as good as a tuck out at the Ship and Turtle Tavern.

'Here we 'ave 'im,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, opening at the place, and proceeding to read with

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all due energy and emphasis: “Mind, *Gallop*, 'ow he leads them? It's difficult to 'stinguish which is first, they run in such good style; yet *he* is the foremost 'ound. The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed:—'ow he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see 'ow eagerly he flings to recover it again! There—now he's at 'ead again! See 'ow they top the 'edge! Now, now they mount the 'ill!—Observe wot a 'ead they carry; and show me, if thou canst, one shuffler or shirker 'mongst 'em all: are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who, when they 'gage in an undertakin', determine to share its fatigue and its dangers equally 'mongst 'em?”

‘Capital!’ exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips. ‘Excellent indeed. That’s jest precisely like my 'ounds.

‘Dash my vig, if I could but get a clever feller like Leech to draw me a panorama o’ the chase, with all my beauties goin’ like beans—’eads up and sterns down, and a lot o’ trumps ridin’ as they should do—near enough to 'ear their sweet music,

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but not too near to prevent their swingin' and spreadin' like a rocket to make their own cast, I'd—I'd—I'd—bowl Halbert Smith and his wite mountain and his black box right down Sin Jimses Street into the Thames, and set hup i' the 'Giptian 'All myself.' (Great laughter and applause.) When it subsided, Mr. Jorrocks, returning to his volume, said,

'Peter now does a little potry, and we'll do ditto. Here it is:—

——“Far o'er the rocky 'ills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In wain the stream
In foamin' eddies whirls, in wain the ditch
Wide gapin' threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then hup the opponent 'ill
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft;
So ships i' winter seas now slidin' sink
Adown the steepy wave, then tossed on 'igh
Ride on the billows and defy the storm.”

'That's capital, too,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, conning the matter over, 'werry superior readin',

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indeed, but some 'ow or other, I thinks I likes old Peter better; it comes more nattu'al like. 'Ere, for instance, is a bit o' fine sportin' scenery, that makes one feel all over, 'unting like.'

Mr. Jorrocks then read as follows:—

“It was then the fox I saw, as we came down the 'ill; those crows directed me which way to look, and the ship ran from 'im as he passed along. The 'ounds are now on the werry spot, yet the ship stop them not, for they dash beyond them. Now see with wot heagerness they cross the plain! *Gallop* no longer keeps his place; *Brusher* takes it—see 'ow he flings for the scent, and 'ow impetuously he runs! 'Ow heagerly he took the lead, and 'ow he strives to keep it. Yet Wictor comes hup apace. He reaches 'im! See wot an excellent race it is between them! It is doubtful which will reach the cover first. 'Ow equally they run! 'Ow heagerly they strain! Now, Wictor—Wictor!—Ah, Brusher, you are beaten; Wictor first tops the 'edge. See there! See 'ow they all take it in their strokes! The 'edge

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cracks with their weight, so many jump at once."

'Capital, indeed,' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; 'most excellent, I may say. All sheer 'unting—no nasty jealous stipple chase ridin', 'urrying 'ounds a mile beyond the scent. No "*go-alongs!*" there are three couple of 'ounds on the scent," but real "Fox et preteria nihil," as Hego would say. Blow me tight, if such readin' doesn't parfectlie bust me,' added he, again retiring to the brandy, amidst the loud and long-continued applause of the company.

*'Now, my lad, mind the 'untsman's
'alloo, and stop to those 'ounds which he
encourages.'*

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III
THE LECTOR RESUMED

*'Nearly abreast o' the pack, we see six
men goin' gallantly, and quite as straight
as the 'ounds themselves.'*

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III

THE LECTOR RESUMED

‘**W**ELL now,’ continued Mr. Jorrocks, returning, rubbing his lips preparatory to resuming his reading, ‘Peter does a bit o’ cunnin’, and I’ll elucidate it. The fox you know’s i’ cover—Rashworth or ’Igh Wood Grove, let us say, and the thing is to take care that he doesn’t slip away unseen—upon this Peter says, “Now ’astes the wipper-in to the other side o’ the cover; he is right unless he ’ead the fox.” That’s capital,’ observed Mr. Jorrocks,—‘he’s right unless he’s wrong; right one day p’raps, and wrong another, for he can’t control the fox, who may fancy to break at one pint one day, and another the next. Howsomever,’ mused our master, ‘that shows the advantage o’ havin some one to blow

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hup when things go wrong, and Cook—I think it is who tells of an M.F.H., who kept a wip on purpose to be blown hup, and who he used to make ride along side any “*go-along*”—there are three couple of ’ounds on the scent cove, while the M.F.H. lectored the man as if he had committed the “fore-paw,” adding at the end, with a frown and a shake of his vip (bad word), “ye, sir, I may (bad word) *you*, at all ewents!” (Laughter and applause.)

‘But come, let’s see wot our hauthor makes on ’im in cover,’ resumed Mr. Jorrocks, returning to his Beckford—‘Peter’s at the potry again, I declare,’ said he, clearing his throat for the following:—

“‘Eavens ! wot melodious strains ! ’ow beat our ’earts
Big with tumultuous joy ! the loaded gales
Breathe ’armony ; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, thro’ ev’ry dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.”

‘Werry fine !’ exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, turning up his eyes to the sporting looping of his canopy, ‘werry fine indeed ! “The forest thunders, and

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the mountains shake." That's jest wot my beauties make them do. Dash my vig, but they kick hup a pretty dust when they once begin. But let us follow Peter into cover, for if his country was anything like wot it is now, he'd be pretty much at 'ome in one I reckon.' Mr. Jorrocks then read as follows: "'Listen! the 'ounds have turned. They are now i' two parts: the fox has been 'eaded back." The wip's been wrong,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, with a shake of his head, 'or,' continuing his reading, "'we have changed at last." Changed at last,' repeated Mr. Jorrocks sorrowfully, 'bad luck to those changes,' observed he, 'they are the werry deuce and all in 'unting. Arter one's ridden oneself red 'ot, and nearly galloped one's 'oss's tail off, and think it's full time to be 'andlin' the warmint, to 'ave a gen'l'man goin' away as fresh as a four-year-old. Dash my buttons, but I remembers a desp'rate cunnin' Charley,' observed Mr. Jorrocks, 'that used to go away from Ticklefield-gos, in Crampshire, and, arter runnin' a wide ring, would return and pashin'

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hup another fox, would lie quiet hisself. As it happened, 'owever, his substitute was a mangey one, and desp'rate disgusted we used to be at findin' we were ridin' arter a thing like a rat 'stead of a beautiful clean-furred Reynard.

'But, Peter,' says Mr. Jorrocks, 'opes to 'old on with the 'unted fox, and this is wot he says to his Ben'—Mr. Jorrocks reading—"Now, my lad, mind the 'untsman's alloo, and stop to those 'ounds which he encourages,"—which doesn't mean that the vip's to make a haffidavit that that's the 'untsman's alloo,' continued he, looking knowingly at Ben, for a reason which will appear in Mr. Jorrocks's Journal, 'but that he's to stop all such 'ounds as are not runnin' the way the 'untsman's ollooin'; he's to maintain to the 'untsman's olloo in short, and stop sich 'ounds as diwide from it,' explained Mr. Jorrocks.

'Well, let's 'ave that sentence over again,' said he, referring to his volume.

"Now, my lad, mind the 'untsman's alloo, and stop to those 'ounds which he encourages."

*'One gen'l man's 'oss is to be seen restin',
nearly balanced, 'cross one on 'em, his
rider bein' on his back i' the ditch.'*

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THE LECTOR RESUMED

He is right! that doubtless is the 'unted fox;— that doubtless is the 'unted fox,' repeated Mr. Jorrocks thoughtfully,—‘ay,’ added he, ‘they’re all the 'unted foxes that anybody sees. Howsomever, we’ll take Peter’s word for it, and at ’im again. Well now,’ continued the worthy lecturer, conning the page, ‘’ere’s a reg’lar yard and a ’alf o’ poetry, describin’, wot Pomponius would call the “second bust, almost as terrible as the fust”—the difference atwixt Peter and Pompey, ye see, bein’,’ added Mr. Jorrocks, looking off the book, ‘that Peter is all for the pack, and Pompey for the performers, or “customers,” as they call the crack riders i’ the cut-me-downs. Howsomever,’ continued Mr. Jorrocks, reverting to the poetry, ‘it’s a prime sample of a sportin’ scurry, and if I shalln’t be fatiguein’ on ye, I’ll spout it.’ (Cries of ‘No, no, go on; go on,’ and applause.)

Our great master then read as follows :—

“Wot lengths we pass! were will the wanderin’ chace
Lead us bewildered! smooth as swallows skim,
The new shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.

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See my brave pack ; 'ow to the 'ead they press,
Jostlin' i' close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely weel, wile from their hopenin' mouths
The wollied thunder breaks—

————— Look back and view
The strange confusion of the wale below,
Where sore wexation reigns ; —————

————— Old age laments
His wigour spent ; the tall, plump, brawny youth
Cusses his cumbrous bulk and envies now
The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insultin' leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasin' toils.”

Great applause followed the reading of the above. When it subsided, our master, taking the *Chase and Road* volume from the table at the back of the platform, said, ‘Let us jest take a peep at frind Pomponius under similar circumstances. “The squire’s ’ounds are runnin’ with a brest-’igh scent over the cream of the cut-me-down country, and most musically do the light notes o’ Wocal and Wenus fall on the ear of those who may be within reach to catch ’em. But who is so fortunate i’ this second bust nearly as terrible as the

*'I'm much obleged to that gen'l man with
the big calves for over-ridin' my 'ounds!
—werry much 'bleged to him!—most
tick'larly 'bleged to him!'*

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THE LECTOR RESUMED

fust?" asks Hego. "Our fancy supplies us again," says he, "and we think we could name 'em all. If we look to the left, nearly abreast o' the pack, we see six men goin' gallantly, and quite as straight as the 'ounds themselves are goin'; and on the right are four more, ridin' equally well, though the former 'ave rayther the best of it, owin' to 'avin' 'ad the inside o' the 'ounds at the last two turns, which must be placed to the chapter of haccidents. A short way i' the rear, by no means too much so to enjoy this brilliant run, are the rest o' the *élite* o' the field, who had come hup at the fust check: and a few who, thanks to the goodness o' their steeds, and their determination to be with the 'ounds, appear as if dropped from the clouds. Some, 'owever, begin to show symptoms o' distress. Two 'osses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flyin' 'bout that one o' the field is badly 'urt, and somethin' is 'eard of a collar-bone bein' broken, others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A crackin' o' rails is now 'eard, and one gen'lman's 'oss is to be

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seen restin', nearly balanced, 'cross one on 'em, his rider bein' on his back i' the ditch, which is on the landin'-side. 'Who is he?' says Lord Brudenel to Jack Stevens. 'Can't tell, my lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it afore 'im.' It is evidently a place o' peril, but the pace is *too good* to 'ford 'elp."

'So,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, closing the volume with a clap, and chucking it to Pigg in the background, 'they cut 'im down, but *don't* 'ang 'im up to dry.' (Laughter and applause.)

'*'OLD 'ARD!*' now exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks at the top of his voice, advancing to the front of the platform, causing silence throughout the room. '*'OLD 'ARD!*' repeated he, holding up his hand; '*'appallin' sound!*' added he mournfully, '*'fearful to the forrard, and dispiritin' to all. Now's the time that the M.F.H., if he has any mischief in him and 'appens to be hup, will assuredly let drive at some one.*

'"*'OLD 'ARD,*"' explained the worthy lecturer, '*'means that gen'l'men are to stop their 'osses, a*

THE LECTOR RESUMED

thing easier said than done, sometimes. Then if any troublesome stranger, or unpunctual payer, appears to be forrard, he is sure to catch it.

“Thank you, Mr. Red Veskit!” or, “I’m much obleged to that gen’lman with the big calves for over-ridin’ *my* ’ounds!—werry *much* ’bleged to him!—most ’*tick*larly ’bleged to him!—most con-foundedly ’bleged to him!

‘Meanwhile the ’untsman makes his cast, that’s to say, trots his ’ounds in a circle round where they threw up: “threw up” doesn’t mean womitin’ mind, but standin’ starin’ with their ’eads up, instead of keepin’ them down, tryin’ for the scent. As this is a critical moment, young gen’lmen should refrain from inwitin’ the ’untsmen or whips to follow them over gates or dangerous leaps. All should be ’tentive. A cast is a thing to criticise, on the principle of the looker-on seein’ the most of the game. If there are no big fences in the way, and the ’untsman knows how far the ’ounds ran with a scent, he will probably hit it off pretty soon. That will be science.

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'If the leaps are large, he may not be so lucky, and then Mr. Red Veskit, or the gen'tman with the big calves, will catch it again.

'Should any one 'int that they have seen a better cast, little bouys will go home and tell their ma's they don't think much of Jack Jones, and Jack's character will begin to go. A fish-fag's ware isn't more perishable than an 'untsman's fame; his skill is within the judgment of every one—"Cleverest feller alive!"—"Biggest fool goin'!"

'But to the run! The *Chass* I sing! A run is either a *buster*—elbows and legs throughout—or it is sharp at first, and slow arterwards; or it is slow at first and sharp arterwards. The first is wot most frequently finishes the fox; and when every 'ound owns the scent, unless Old Reynard does the hartful dodge, by lyin' down in an 'edge-row, or skulkin' among cattle or ship, in all human probability his life arn't worth twenty minutes' purchase from the find.

'The second class run—sharp at first and slow

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arterwards—is the most favourable to the fox; for the longer it lasts, the slower the 'ounds go, until they get to wot the old Agony coachmen used to call Parliament-pace—that is to say, some six miles an 'our, when they are either run out o' scent, or a big 'are jumps up afore them, and leads them astray. It's then, “*Ware are Wenus! Wictory, for shame!*” and off 'ome.

‘The third class—slow at first, and sharp arterwards—is hawkward for the fox, but good for beginners, for they get warm in the progress, instead of being choked at the start. The thing improves, jest like a hice-cream i' the eatin'.

‘No two men 'gree upon the merits of a run, 'less they 'appen to be the only ones to see it, when they arrange that wot one says t'other shall swear to; your real jealous bouys can't bear to see many at the finish. In relatin' a run to an absent friend, it is always allowable to lay on fifty per cent. for presence.

‘Talking of a run, ingenuous youth should

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speak in praise of the 'ead the 'ounds carried. This doesn't mean that they ran with an 'ead of no sort in their mouths, but that they packed well together, and each strived to be first. It is this wot distinguishes a real pack of fox-'ounds from your trencher-fed muggars, and constitutes the charm o' the chase. If the death of a fox be all that's desired, a gun will do the business much cleaner and better than Muggins and Co.'s towlers.

'What looks so contemptible as a stringin' lot o' towlin' beggars toilin' in long line over the 'eavy fallows, and the fox gettin' knocked on the 'ead because the dogs are too tired to kill him themselves? Out upon sich outrages! say I. But to the legitimate run.

'Not bein' in at the death is reckoned slow, and numerous are the excuses of defaulters—losin' a shoe is one of the commonest; assistin' a friend in trouble, another; 'oss falling lame, a third; thrown out in turnin' 'ounds, a fourth; anything but the real one—want o' nerve. Nerve means pluck: in Alderman Harley's time, they

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called it courage. Still it's quite lawful for men to 'unt, even though they won't ride over the moon. 'Deed you might as well say that a man has no business at Hepsom who can't ride a race, as that a man has no business at an 'unt that won't undertake to be in at the death. Let every man do his best, and grind away as long as he can; at all ewents, until either he or his 'oss tire, or he gets thrown out, in which latter calamity let 'im remember the mustard-pot, and not go ridin' straight an end, as if it were impossible for the 'ounds to turn to the right or to the left. Let him pull hup a bit on a risin' ground, and as he sits moppin' his nob, let 'im examine the landscape, and see wot cattle are starin' or scampering about, and rely upon it, the 'ounds are not far off. If ingenuous youth, after ridin' the line, sees 'osses bein' led about a green field, and red coats standin' in a ring, he may conclude bold Reynard is capevi'd, and, by quickenin' his pace, may steal quietly in afore the worry.

'But we'll let old Peter kill his fox, for dash

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my vig, there's nobody can do it like him. Let's see, where was I?' continued Jorrocks, resuming that volume—'Ah, I have it, the fox has been 'eaded or they have changed at last.—“Now for a moment's patience!” cries Peter,—“We press too close upon the 'ounds! 'Untsman, stand still! as they want you not. 'Ow admirably they spread! 'Ow wide they cast! Is there a single 'ound that does not try? If there be, ne'er shall he 'unt again. There *Trueman* is on the scent—he feathers, yet still is doubtful—'tis right! 'ow readily they join 'im! See those wide-casting 'ounds, 'ow they fly forrard to recover the ground they 'ave lost! Mind *Lightnin'*, 'ow she dashes; and *Mungo* 'ow he works! Old *Frantic*, too, now pushes forrard; she knows as well as we, the fox is sinkin':—

——“Ah! he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more and all
His wiles are wain. 'Ark! thro' yon willage now
The rattlin' clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Thro' ev'ry 'ome-stall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, pantin', forlorn, he flies.”

*'Meanwhile the 'untsman makes his
cast.'*

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‘And, dash my vig, he makes me pant too,’ continued Mr. Jorrocks, holding his obese sides. ‘However, judicious Peter gives one a little breathin’ time here, in these convenient words:—

“‘Untsman! at fault at last? ‘Ow far did you bring the scent? ‘Ave the ‘ounds made their cast? Now make yours—you see that ship-dog as coursed the fox; get forrard with your ‘ounds, and make a wide cast,” during which time,’ continued the worthy lecturer, ‘we are all ‘sposed to be sittin’ quietly givin’ our quads the wind, and all ‘oldin’ our tongues—a most desirable thing,’ observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking knowingly round the room.

‘Peter, who ‘as his ears well cocked with an ‘and behind the right one,’ continued the worthy lecturer, ‘gives tongue with,—

“‘Ark! that halloo is indeed a lucky one. If we can ‘old ‘im on, we may yet recover ‘im; for a fox, so much distressed, must stop at last. We shall now see if they will ‘unt as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the himpendin’ cloud

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still makes that little less. 'Ow they enjoy the scent! see 'ow busy they all are, and 'ow each in his turn prewails!"

'Capital writin'!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; 'feels for all the world as if I was there. Now for a bunch of 'ints for an 'untsman!

"'Untsman! be quiet! Whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your 'ounds; it was well done; when you came to a check, you stood still and interrupted them not: they were arterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment and lost no time—you now must let 'em 'unt;—with such a cold scent as this you can do no good; they must do it all themselves; lift 'em now, and not an 'ound will stoop again. Ha! a 'igh road at sich a time as this, when the tenderest nosed 'ound can 'ardly own the scent; 'ave a little patience, and let 'em, for once, try back."

'Oh, that weary scent!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, 'that weary, incomprehensible, incontrollable phenomenon! "Constant only in its inconstancy!" as the hable hauthor of the noble

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science well said. Believe me, my beloved 'earers,' continued Mr. Jorrocks, 'there's nothin' so queer as scent, 'cept a woman!' (Hisses, mingled with laughter and applause.)

'Ark to Beckford!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, resuming his reading as the noise subsided. "'We must now give 'em time:—see where they bend towards yonder furze brake. I wish he may 'ave stopped there! Mind that old 'ound, 'ow he dashes o'er the furze; I think he winds 'im. Now for a fresh *en tapis*! 'Ark! they 'alloo! Aye, there he goes."

'Pop goes the weasel again!' exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, straddling and working his arms, as if he were riding. He then resumed his reading.

"'It is nearly over with 'im; had the 'ounds caught view, he must ha' died. He will 'ardly reach the cover; see 'ow they gain upon 'im at every stroke! It is an admirable race! yet the cover saves 'im.

"'Now be quiet, and he cannot 'scape us; we

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'ave the wind o' the 'ounds, and cannot be better placed: 'ow short he runs! he is now in the werry strongest part o' the cover. Wot a crash! every 'ound is in, and every 'ound is runnin' im. That was a quick turn! Again, another! he's put to his last shifts. Now *Mischief* is at his 'eels, and death is not far off. Ha! they all stop at once; all silent, and yet no hearth is hopen. Listen! now they are at him agin! Did you 'ear that 'ound catch 'im? they over-ran the scent, and the fox had laid down be'ind 'em. Now Reynard look to yourself! 'Ow quick they all give their tongues! Little *Dreadnought*, 'ow he works 'im! the terriers, too, they are now squeakin' at 'im! 'Ow close *Wengeance* pursues! 'ow terribly she presses! it is jest up with 'im! Gods! wot a crash they make; the 'ole wood resounds! That turn was werry short! There! now! aye, now they 'ave 'im! WHO-HOOP!"'

Here Mr. Jorrocks put his finger in his ear, and gave a 'Who-hoop!' that shook the very rafters of the room, which being responded to by

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the party, a noise was created that is more easily imagined than described.

Three cheers for Mr. Jorrocks were then called for and given with such vehemence as to amount to nine times nine, and one cheer more, during which the worthy master kept bowing and scraping on the platform, until he got a crick in his neck from the exercise.

IV

ANOTHER SPORTING LECTOR

'His midnight walks.'

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BETSEY came to say that some gents wanted to see him.

It was a deputation from the Handley Cross Infirmary, come to ask him to give a sporting lecture in aid of their funds, which, as usual, were very low.

Mr Jorrocks hesitated at first, for he wanted to ease the steam of his hunting enthusiasm down to business-like pitch before he returned to Great Coram Street and the City. However, as they were very pressing, and flattered him agreeably, he at length consented, and the lecture was duly announced, as well by placards and hand-bills as by sending the bell-man about. Our Master resuscitated his 'Beckford' for inspiration, think-

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ing to dwell on the delights of the chase. The Infirmary scheme answered, and tickets were in great demand, many parties coming up from the country to hear our worthy Master hold forth.

Precisely at eight o'clock, on the appointed night, Mr. Jorrocks entered the lecture-room (the long room of the Dragon) by the president's door, and ascended the raised platform immediately on the left. He was dressed in the full evening costume of the hunt—sky-blue coat, lined with pink silk, canary-coloured shorts, white waistcoat, and white silk stockings, and looked uncommonly spruce—his pumps shone with French polish. Several members of the hunt, some in morning dress, others in evening, followed; and James Pigg and Benjamin, in scarlet coats, black caps, and top-boots, brought up the rear. The room at this time was as full as it could possibly hold, not less than three hundred and fifty persons being assembled; among whom, of course, 'we observed' several elegantly dressed females. Mrs. Jorrocks, we are sorry to say, had the toothache, and could

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not come ; neither were Belinda nor Mr. Stobbs there, it being supposed they were availing themselves of Mrs. Jorrocks's indisposition. Immediately as Mr. Jorrocks entered, the whole company rose and greeted our hero with a volley of most enthusiastic cheers, which continued for some minutes, and appeared greatly to affect the worthy gentleman, who stood bowing and grinning like a Chinese monster on a mantelpiece. Silence being at length obtained, and all the attendants having settled themselves into their places on the platform, and the company having resumed their seats, he advanced to the front, and spoke as follows :—

‘ Beloved ’earers, behold your old frind John. (Cheers.) John ! old in years, but young in mind and body, and dewoted—oh *dewoted*, to the noble cause of ’unting. Oh, my beloved ’earers ! I repeats, for the ’underd and fifty-fust time, that ’unting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger. (Cheers.) Do not think I say

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so for the sake of gainin' your most sweet applause, for, believe me werry sincere when I declare I'd rayther 'ear the cry of 'ounds, or even the lowest whimper whatever owned the scent, than have all the cheerin' your voices can bestow. (Laughter, with slight hissing.)

'Great 'eavens!' continued Mr. Jorrocks, with up-turned eyes, 'wot a many things are wantin' to 'unt a country plisantly—things that would never enter the 'ead of a sailor!

'First and foremost, there should be the means o' praise—all labour's lost if the world's not well told. The finest runs are lost, the largest leaps overlooked, the 'ardest falls forgot, if an efficient record's not preserved. Every 'unt should have its trumpeter as well as its huntsman—some nice easy-writin' cove to exhibit its bright pints; butterin' without bedaubin'—praisin' without besmearin'—jest as a barber hoils a customer arter a sixpenny clip. O gen'lemen, gen'lemen,' continued our Master, 'I've been sufferin' severely from the effects o' clumsy soapin' (cheers and

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laughter)—hawkward hoilin'—havin' things told that I wanted kept snug, and havin' things kept snug that I wanted told. Gen'lemen, take my advice, and never employ a reg'lar butterer. Do it yourselves, or get a kind frind wot knows your likin's and weak pints to do it.

'But enough of that—p'raps too much—let's to the business of the evenin'.

'Gen'lemen, this is the werry age of balderdash and 'umbug—balderdash the grossest, and 'umbug the greatest, that the most imaginative eye of the liveliest intellect can possibly conceive. (Applause.) There was a poet, I think his name was Brown,—John Brown, who said,

“ We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.”

And well they may, for we do our best to merit the opinion. See 'ow we treat 'unting! Dear, delightful 'unting, the werry mention of whose name kivers me with the creeps, and thrills me all over with joy. We must now 'unt by book, forsooth: fox and 'ounds must be alike under our

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subjection, and if they don't do jest wot is laid down in print, Reynard is all wrong, and the 'ounds good for nothin'. (Cheers.) Oh, my vig! to think I should ever live to see a fox 'unted on mathematical principles (cheers); to see the problem "vich vay has he gone?" worked without the aid of 'ounds!

'But gently, old bouy, gently,' continued he, in a more subdued tone, 'your wehemenace has got the bit between its teeth, and with borin' 'ead is runnin' clean away with you—*steady there, steady*. Now, my beloved 'earers, I've brought you here to tell you *all* about the chass—to teach you to enjoy that sport,

"For the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor."

Aye, *too costly for the poor*, and more's the pity that it is too costly, for there is more real genuine fox-'untitiveness, more of the innate genuine hardour and dewoted affection for the chass in the poor man wot sacrifices a day's pay for the sake of a 'unt, than in all your wauntin' cover-

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canterin' swells wot ride forty miles to the meet for the sake of the boast, and the plisure o' ridin' forty miles back. But that's beside the question, or another pair of shoes, as we say in France. The chass!—the chass! or the *noble science*, as the swells now call it, is to be the subject of my discourse; but oh, my beloved 'earers; it's werry 'ard to turn one's 'tention to things that are fit to brik one's 'eart to think on—werry 'ard indeed. There was a man wrote a book, and, among other intelligent things he put in, was an obseruation that one cannot do an act not in itself morally evil for the last time without feelin's of regret; and if that be true with regard to indifferent things, 'ow much more tellin' must it be when applied to what may be called the liver and bacon of one's existence! To that noblest, sublimest, grandest, best of all sports, the gallant, cheerin', soul-stirrin' chass.' (Cheers.) Mr. Jorrocks paused for some seconds, as if overcome by his feelings.

.
At length he resumed: 'Here,' said he, 'we

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have closed a most beautiful season. Though I says it who should not, never did a pack give more universal satisfaction than mine,—satisfaction the most boundless, and gratification the most complete. No 'ounds in England can 'old a candle to mine for the sport they've shown. Summer is now drawin' on, at least it did ought to do, if it is a comin' at all, leavin' us a long season of repose to contemplate the past, and spekilate on the futur'—that uncertain futur' to which we all look forward with such presumptuous certainty. Oh, my beloved 'earers, summer is a dreadful season. Whoever talked o' the winter of our discontent, talked like an insane man, and no sportsman. Summer is the season of our misery! Long days, short nights, and nankeen shorts. Contemptible wear!—but oh! genl'men, genl'men, top-boots delight me not now, drab shags nouter. Wot a change is comin' o'er the spirit of our dream! I knows no more melancholic ceremony than takin' the string out of one's 'at at the end of a season, foldin' hup and puttin' away the old red

*'He charged it with such wicked wigour
and determination, that he left me stickin'
like a sweet little cherub aloft.'*

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rag—a rag unlike all other rags, the dearer and more valuable the older and more worthless it becomes. Every rent, every stain, every patch, every darn, has its story and 'sociation. The large black patch all down the right side was got in Swallerton Bog, which I charged like a troop of 'oss, jest as the darlin's were viewin' the warmint, and I thought to pick him hup on the far side. Crikey, vot a flounder I had!—old Arterxerxes bogged up to the werry tail, plungin', and heavin', and groanin', and snortin', and sweatin', with every appearance of being 'stablished for life. Oh, my beloved 'earers, a bog is a werry rum thing to get into, and is so werry enticin' withal, that I don't wonder at people bein' cotched. Quiet, sly, soft, green, omelette-soufflée-lookin' things, so stuffed with currants as to be perfectly black below, and as holdin' as a stick-jaw puddin' at a charity school. I doesn't mean to detract from the merits of other bogs, but that Swallerton Bog, i' my mind, is the biggest bog whatever was seen, and as 'ospitable as man

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desire, for once in, it is in no hurry to part with you again.

‘Then the great double stitched rent right across the back! ’Ow well I remembers doin’ o’ that! We were goin’ like beans over Harroway Fleets, with sich a crack scent as only comes twice a year. I viewed a fox or a dog, I couldn’t say whether, risin’ the ’ill by Hookem-Snivey Church; and wot with keepin’ my eye on him, and gallopin’ like blazes, I never saw a bullfinch that Arterxerxes was preparin’ himself for on the sly until it was too late, and he charged a thing so big and so black, that if a lanthorn had been ’eld on the far side you couldn’t have seen it; well, I say, he charged it with such wicked wigour and determination, that he left me stickin’ like a sweet little cherub aloft right atween two strong ’olders, one of which had to be sawn off afore ever I could get out; and when I did, I found I had lost one coat-lap, and the other was ’angin’ by a mere thread. (Laughter and applause.) Delightful recollection! Shall I ever forget the

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joy I experienced, as, stickin' tight in the edge, I saw the darlin's take up the line on which I viewed the warmint travellin'? A delicate compliment to the brightness of my wision! Oh, never! My too sensible 'eart sickens at the thought that the joy of life is over for a season. Oh, the long summer months that are about to succeed are truly appallin' to the 'eart of a sportsman! True, each season brings its hoccupation, but if that hoccupation is no enjoyment, wot matter does it make there bein' such a thing? Oh,' groaned the worthy lecturer, 'but we are enterin' upon a most melancholic, sea-kaleish, buy-a-moss-rose season. 'Ow we are ever to get through it, I'm sure I don't know. I'm thankful 'owever to think that I pivied the old customer. Blow me tight, if I 'adn't pivied the old customer, I really believe the old customer would ha' pivied me. Never suffered so much from a fox i' my life. He 'aunted me day and night. Seemed as if he was 'pointed to revenge the wrongs of all the foxes i' the world. Certainly he was a saucy sinner—a

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werry saucy sinner—wakin' and sleepin', he was always at me. 'Owsomever he's settled.' Mr. Jorrocks again made a long pause, and appeared lost in thought.

At length he resumed.

'Great Coram is a lovely street,' said he, 'the trees within the rails, and the wines within the areas, flourish and expand with all the wigour of foliage and vegetable life in the purest and most salubrisome spots. Bat sweeter, dearer far is the wild bleak heath,

"Where man has ne'er or rarely trod,"

with a good strong 'olding goss-cover, lyin' on a gentle slope, catchin' the rays of a midday sun, out of which one may reasonably calkilate upon findin' old Reynard at home any hour of the day. But I can't pursue the subject. It is too much for me—painful to a degree. Pigg, get me some brandy-and-water—strong without—for I feels all over trembulation and fear, like a maid that thinks she's not a goin' to be married.'

Mr. Jorrocks retired to the back of the plat-

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form, and Pigg presently brought him a stiff tumbler of brandy-and-water, which considerably revived our old friend, but still he did not feel quite equal to the resumption of his lecture. He therefore announced that his Pigg would favour the company with one of his national melodies, after which he had no doubt he should be able to go on, and Pigg, after a few minutes' confab with his Master, who wanted him to sing,

‘Unrivalled the ’ounds o’er which Jorrocks presides!’

advanced to the front of the platform, and with a bob of his head and a kick of his heel, said, ‘Gen’lmen, wor ’ard Maister’s gettin’ the gripes, and ar’s gannin’ to sing ye a sang till he gets better.’ So saying James rubbed his sleeve across his nose, and turned his quid in his mouth. ‘Now,’ continued he, ‘what ar’ll sing ye ’ill be yen o’ the bonniest sangs that iver was sung, arle aboot ard Squier Lambton and his h’unds, and a grand hunt that they had fre Foxhill, afore mast o’ ye were born ; and when ar stamps wi’ my foot, ye

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mun all join chorus.' So saying, our huntsman struck up with the following, which we give as it was written, and not as Pigg sung it :—

'Descend, ye chaste Nine, strike the chord you love best,
I've a theme that will put your high notes to the test ;
I've a chase to describe that assuredly will
Rouse the dead from their graves with huzzas for Fox Hill.

Ballanamona ora

The hounds of RALPH LAMBTON for me.

We must ever remember the glorious day
When to Long Newton Village we rattled away,
Each hound seem'd that morning instinctive to know,
That the Long Newton Country would give them a go—

Ballanamona, etc.

Burn Wood was drawn blank—we cared not a rap—
Though we all thought it smelt hellish strong of a trap,
For we knew that a rallying point we could make,
Where a thoro' bred Son of Old Cæsar must break.

Ballanamona, etc.

Scarce the pack crack'd the furzen, away the Rogue stole.
How high beat each heart, how transported each soul !
Every hound in his place, and to give them their due,
Over Newbiggin pastures like pigeons they flew.

Ballanamona, etc.

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By Sadberge and Stainton he now bent his way,
Old Elstob affording no shelter this day,
Little Stainton he gained—but durst not look back
So close at his brush lay this brilliant pack.

Ballanamona, etc.

Next pointing to Whitton by Stillington Mill
One or two boasted clippers were fain to stand still,
But remember, my boys, with a Long Newton Fox
It won't do to *flash* when ye're up to the hocks.

Ballanamona, etc.

O'er the famed Seaton Hills with what vigour he flew !
Determin'd to prove himself thoro' *true blue*,
Sterns down, bristles up—'twould have done your heart good
To have seen the Dog Pack running frantic *for Blood !*

Ballanamona, etc.

By Fulthorp and Grindon we rattled like smoke,
The hounds gaining on him at every stroke !
Disdaining Thorp Wood should his destiny mark
Dropp'd his brush and died varmint in Wynyard Park,

Ballanamona, etc.

Fill, fill, ye brave spirits that rode in the run,
May the pack add fresh laurels to those they have won ;
At my toast—how each bosom with ecstasy bounds,
Long life to Ralph Lambton !! success to his hounds !!'

When the enthusiastic applause, produced by
the foregoing, had subsided, there was a general

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action to the word, proceeded amidst universal laughter and applause,—‘Meets an acquaintance. “’Ow do?” “Been long i’ town?” “When do you leave?” For, gen’lemen,’ continued Mr. Jorrocks, ‘I’ll lay a guinea ’at to a gooseberry, when two men meet with little to say, that that is the conversation that passes. Six o’clock comes and he’s in the Park. Wot a crowd about the gate! It’s to see Wictoria pass. Carriage and four—out-riders—equerring dust-catching—Wictoria smilin’—Prince Halbert ditto, and touchin’ his ’at to the cheerers—*whisk*, and they are out o’ sight. Carriages break hup and scatter over the Park. The band plays at the gardens—up our rich man canters, without knowin’ why he breaks from a walk, throws the rein to his grum, and lounges in to lisp to the ladies. “Oh! ’pon honour—exquisite—delightful band—Second Life Guards—Star and Garter—Crown and Sceptre—Charmin’ weather—Looks like rain—’Ow’s your mother? Sister better!—So, Lady ——’s eloped at last.” Back then he goes by the Serpentine. Kid gloves

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are kissed to him, feathers nod, eyes ogle, and Johns and Jehus touched their lace-daubed 'ats. Now he reins hup at the foot of the Achilles, and, as the late accomplished Mr. Truefit, the Harcadian 'air-dresser, or some other talented gen'leman sung—

“Pride in his looks, defiance in his eye,
He sees the lords o' 'uman life pass by.”

Dinner time comes, and Lord Cut and Shuffle has the rich man on the box of his drag—four spankin' bays, tigers be'ind, frinds on the roof, gals inside. Away they bowl to Greenwich—best rooms, dinner two guineas a'ead, iced fizzey—fish of all sorts—Yarrell done up in dishes—every sort but the one you went down for—should have ten stomachs 'stead of one—back at eleven. Hopera—Time for ballet—squizzin'-glass—gauze petticoats—or hup Windmill Street to the sparklin' French Casino, or down heast to the British 'bomination of a dingy underground kidney-shop. These at length bein' swept out and closed, away they go to some sham billiard room of a fortified gambling

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'ouse, with scouts on the watch, where they have some cureasore to digest the kidney—iced champagne to correct the cureasore—lobster salad to keep the iced champagne company. Then lounge into the gamblin' apartment—large round table—strong light. Man with a green shade over his eyes and a hoe in his hand! Old rakes all round him. Fathers sittin' hopposite sons—the famine of play ragin'—then sudden noise—clean sweep—down the pipe—rush o' pollis—seize the party—away to the lock-up—in wi' false names—hup i' the mornin'—discharged for want o' gamblin'-tool hevidence, and all that sort o' gammon. All this may be called plissur, etc., but some'ow it never lasts. It's the pace that kills the finances as well as the fox. It's all nonsense men spendin' wots to keep them a life-time in a single night's lark. (Applause.) Ax any old member o' Crocky's if it isn't.

'London's a grand place, to be sure,' continued the worthy lecturer; 'but oh, my beloved 'earers, there is no misery like that of solitude in a crowd,

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or inconwenience like that of livin' with men without being able to afford to partake o' their plissurs. London's the rich man's paradise, the poor man's puggatory? yet how many fools, who can ill afford it, think it necessary to make a hannual pilgrimage once a-year to the shrine of her monstrosity. Hup they come, leavin' their quiet country 'omes just as their sparrowgrass is ready for heatin' and their roses begin to blow—neglectin' their farms—maybe their families—leavin' bulls to bail themselves, cattle to get out of the pound, and wagrants into the stocks, as they can; hup, I say, they come to town, to get stuck in garrets at inns with the use of filthy, cigar-smokin', spitty, sandy-floored, sawdusty coffee-rooms, a 'underd and seventy-five steps below, at a price that's perfectly appallin'. Vot misery is theirs! Down they come of a mornin', arter a restless, tumblin', heated, noisy night, to the day den of the establishment, with little happetite for breakfast, but feelin' the necessity of havin' some in order to kill time. A greasy-collared, jerkin', lank-'aired waiter, casts

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a second-'and, badly washed web over a slip of table, in a stewy, red-curtained box, into which the sun beats with unmitigated wengeance. A Britannia-metal tea-pot, a cup, a plate, a knife, and a japanned tea-caddie, make their appearance. Then comes a sugar-bason, followed by a swarm of flies, that 'unt it as the 'ounds would a fox, and a small jug of "sky-blue," which the flies use as a bath durin' their repast on the sugar. A half-buttered muffin mounts a waterless slop-bason; a dirty egg accompanies some toasted wedges of bread; the waiter points to a lump of carrion wot he calls beef, on a dusty sideboard, and promises the *Post* as soon as it is out of 'and. Sixteen gents sit at sixteen slips of table, lookin' at each other with curiosity or suspicion, but never a word is exchanged by any of them. Prisently they begin to wacate their slips of wood. One paces hup and down the coffee-room, with his thumbs in the harm-'oles of his veskit; another takes a coat-lap over each arm, and lounges against the fireless fire-place; a third looks at his watch, and lays his

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legs along the bench for a nap; while a fourth flattens his nose against the winder, or reads the witticisms of former town captives, or the humorous contributions of jaded waiters to buxom chambermaids on the panes. Carriages begin to roll; lords, dukes, captains, cockneys, jostle together, and the coffee-room is gradually emptied into the crowded streets.

‘Vot a sight! All the world compressed into Bond Street! carriages blocked, cabs locked, ’ossmen driven on to the footway, and the foot-people driven into the shops. But wot boots it to ingenuous Spooney if there were twice as many? He doesn’t know one carriage from another, and hasn’t got nobody to tell him whose they are. There he stands gapin’ like a stuck pig, now starin’ his eye-balls out at a carriage, now bringin’ his body to bear upon a print-shop window, now fancyin’ a lady in feathers on the footway to be a duchess that has taken a fancy to him, who he follows up to the suburbs, and comes away under the impression that it is their country willa. But

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wot a relief to have some one to whom he can speak! Talk of dull dogs! Live in London for a week without an acquaintance, and the stupidest lump of lead that ever was moulded into the shape of a man will be a perfect god-send at the end of the time. Well, hup and down the street poor ingenuous Spooney goes, round squares, into crescents, through parks, until his feet are swelled double their size, and the toes of his boots look up into his face, as much as to say, "Wot *has* come over us now?" Still no one greets him, and Squire Spooney, who is a werry great man, and knows every body at once, is 'stonished that no one 'ails him in London.

' Now for a chop-house or coffee-room dinner! Oh, the 'orrible smell that greets you at the door! Compound of cabbage, pickled salmon, boiled beef, saw-dust, and anchovy sarce. "Wot will you take, sir?" inquires the frowsy waiter, smoothin' the filthy, mustardy, cabbagey cloth, "soles, macrel, vitin's—werry good boiled beef—nice cut, cabbage, cold 'am and weal, cold lamb

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and sallard.”—*Bah!* The den’s ’ot to suffocation—the kitchen’s below—a trap-door womits up dinners in return for bellows down the pipe to the cook. Flies settle on your face—swarm on your head; a wasp travels round; everything tastes flat, stale, and unprofitable. As a climax, he gets the third of a bottle of warm port as a pint, and, to prevent jealousy between body and mind, gives the latter a repast on second-hand news, by goin’ through the columns of an evenin’ paper. This, too, from a man wot can hardly manage a three-days-a-week one in the country.

‘Nine o’clock at length comes, and he is at the theatre; and were it not for the excessive ’eat and confounded crowd, he might enjoy himself. As it is, the curtain drops, a welcome release, and after half an hour’s solitary stroll, he finds himself smokin’ some painted Jezebel, who sits to be fumigated by all wot buys cigars at her shop. Thus he goes on day after day, week after week, in a melancholy state of existence, and all that he may have the pleasure of sayin’ when he returns

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to the country, that he has "*jest come from town*"—that town was werry full—werry gay or werry dull—talk of high people in a low-lived style, and pretend to have been where he never was. No captive released from gaol—no bouy let free from school—no starlin' escaped from cage, hails with more 'eart-felt joy the arrival of that hour which restores him to wot the immortal Mr. Fieldin' (I thinks) calls

"Fresh fields and pastures new";

and not all the pliability of a flexible mind can coax him into believin' that he feels one longin' lingerin' pang of regret, as he turns his back upon the crowded, 'eartless, busy, bustlin', jadin' city. (Great applause.)

"Well, but," says a sportin' reader, "I must see the Darby and Hoaks run for!"

'Darby and Hoaks run for!' exclaimed the worthy lecturer. 'Wot matter does it make to him who wins the Darby and Hoaks! Why can't he content 'imself wi' readin' on it i' the

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paper, or in seein' a neighbourly donkey race on a common? He may know summut 'bout the donkeys, but he can know nothin' 'bout 'osses, the owners of which werry likely know nothin' themselves. Then bother their bettin' books, and the 'ole tribe of trickery, lynx-eyed circumwentin' knaves wot would rob their own fathers, if they could, and who set hup to bet thousands with a farthin' capital! O that the noblest of hanimals should be soiled with the contamination of such reptiles! O that the 'ighest and the noblest should be found jostlin' and helbowin' for hodd's 'mong the werry scum and scourins o' the stews—fellers that no decent tradesman would touch wi' a pair o' tongs. (Applause.) On the turf and under the turf all men are obliged to be equal,' mused our Master. 'But let us leave the gloomy subject,' continued he, 'and gather hup our points for a finish. Some on you will p'raps ax wot has racin' and livin' i' London to do wi' 'unting? I say it has a great deal. There is an old sayin' and a true one, that you carn't eat both your cake and 'ave it, and by

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the same rule, or one werry like it, you can't both spend your money and have it. Now, if ingenuous Spooney comes to London on a gallivantin' expedition, with nothin' whatsoever at all to do, the chances are that he gets rooked. "Idleness" has been werry well described as "the papa of all mischief"; and assuredly Satan, as Mrs. Barbauld beautifully expresses it in her "Pleasures of 'Ope," is always busy in London, findin' work for "idle 'ands to do." Walk along Jermyn Street of an evenin', and see how many beautifully illuminated doors stand ajar inwitin' the passer-by to enter; go—and you're done. It is not here,

"All ye what enter abandon 'ope";

but wot I say is, all ye wot enter, leave your pusses at home, or assuredly you will have werry little call for them when you come out. In short, if you waste your money i' summer, you can't expect to have it to spend i' winter and then wot comes of your 'unting?—ay, then wot comes my 'ounds? That's the question put in a familiar form. (Cheers.)

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Ah, now I see you twig, and go along with me. O gen'l'men, gen'l'men, there's nothin' so difficult as gettin' a subscription to a pack of hounds. Chaps that would give a 'undred a-year to a cuk, grudge a fi' pun note to a pack that would keep them in 'ealth, and save them all the money i' Seidletz pooders. (Laughter and applause.) Which then will you have? 'Unting i' the winter, or street-strollin' i' summer? I'll diwide the meetin' on the question, and take the sense of this assembly. All then who are for the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, with only five and twenty per cent. of its danger, 'old up their 'ands.'

A forest of hands were held up for hunting; on the other question being put, no one was found in favour of it, whereupon Mr. Jorrocks concluded amidst loud and long-continued applause, by complimenting them on their choice, calling on every man to put his shoulder to the wheel, and do his possible in support of himself and the 'HANDLEY CROSS FOX HOUNDS.' A large

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party sat down to supper after the lecture ; and we are happy to add that a subscription was opened for the purpose of presenting Mr. Jorrocks with a solid token of esteem in the shape of a silver steak dish, with a model of himself on Arterxerxes on the cover. More gratifying still it is to add, that the subscription was immediately filled.

THE END

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